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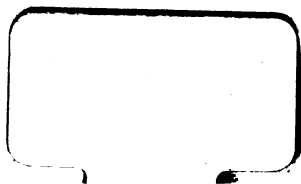
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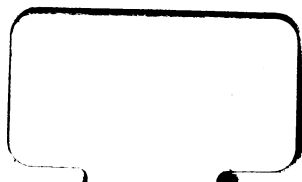
TOURIST'S GUIDE
TO
THE WYE
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BEVAN

river and valley -
Grindstone, 1862
G.D.



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river and valley -
Grindstone, 1862
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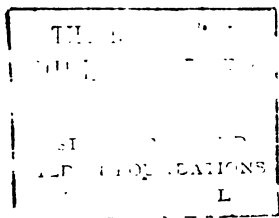
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TOURISTS' GUIDE

TO

THE WYE.







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TOURISTS' GUIDE

TO

THE WYE

AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

George

BY THE LATE

G. PHILLIPS BEVAN, F.S.S.

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REVISED AND EDITED BY

R. N. WORTH, F.G.S.

WITH MAPS AND PLAN.

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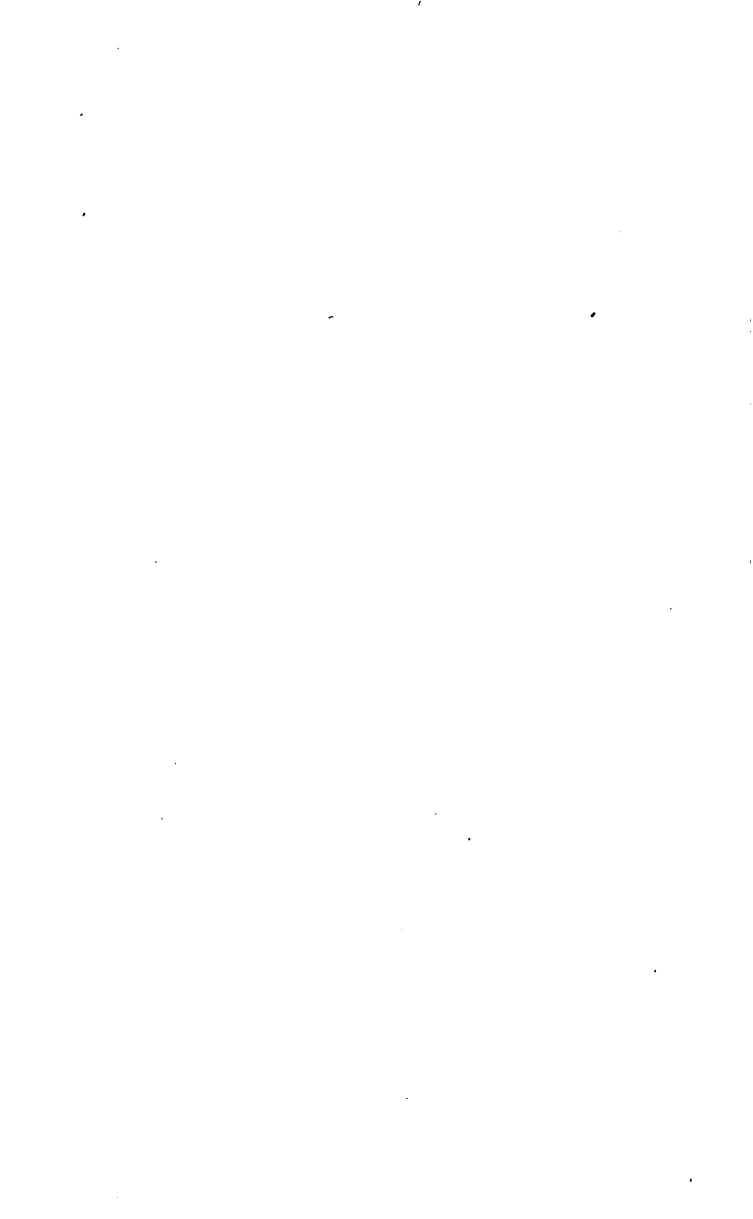
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PREFACE.

A CHEAP and portable guide-book seems a fitting accompaniment to a cheap tour; and the Editor has endeavoured to produce one which shall fulfil this purpose, while it directs the attention of the traveller to all that is worth seeing. Superfluous description has been avoided, the object of the work being merely to denote the leading points, and thus not to encumber the tourist with unnecessary remarks which entail a more or less bulky volume.

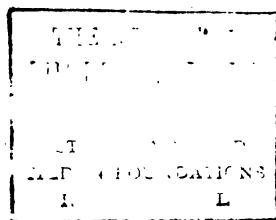
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THE WYE

AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

GENERAL OUTLINE.

THERE are few rivers, either in Great Britain or foreign countries, which can show such successive and continuous beauty throughout their whole courses as does the Wye (British *gwy*, water) during the 150m. of its career from the Montgomeryshire mountains to the Bristol Channel. From its source to its mouth there is not a single mile of commonplace or unattractive scenery, while in many portions we meet with a grandeur and boldness that recall the banks of the Rhine or the Danube. Even in its quieter intervals, the Wye, freed from the fretful shallows that mark its progress through the Welsh glens, imparts to the open vale a rare and beautiful dignity which is peculiar to it, and makes the lover of the picturesque inclined to regret that its imprisonment is about to recommence. Most rivers, however lovely in their upper and middle courses, finish their lower amid tame, if not actually melancholy and disagreeable, flats and marshes; but the Wye clings to its rocks and hanging woods almost to the last, bearing its tide through a ravine that becomes bolder and bolder as it nears its final termination.

Before describing the various sections into which it is proposed to divide the Handbook, it will be advisable to give a brief outline of the general course of the Wye and the districts through which it runs in the counties of Montgomery, Radnor, Brecon, Hereford, Monmouth, and Gloucester. In Montgomeryshire its career is but that

of a wild mountain stream, having its rise in the barren shoulders of Plynlimmon and in the near neighbourhood of the sister streams of the Severn, Rheiddol, and Llyfnant. These dreary slopes, mostly bog and morass, do not seem very suggestive of industrial utility; but more unlikely things have come to pass than that the Wye, at its very outset, should be the means of supplying the metropolis with water. Mr. Bateman, C.E., proposed to include in his scheme the head waters of the Wye, an area of about 180 square miles; while Mr. Hamilton Fulton advocated the impounding of the river lower down, mapping it out into four districts, to yield 898,000,000 of gallons per day. Large reservoirs would be constructed at Rhayadr, and the water taken thence to London through Hay, Kington, Ludlow, Bewdley, Stourport, Bromsgrove, Warwick, Tring, and Watford, ending in a final reservoir at Barnet.

For some few miles the Wye runs close alongside the Aberystwith road (*via* Ponterwyd), striking the South Wales border near the Severn Arms, and a little further on the Mid-Wales Railway, on its way to and from Llanidloes to Brecon. At this point it is joined by the Marteg, which passes by the village of St. Harmons. A little below Rhayadr the Wye begins to lose some of its mountain attributes, and, although still a rapid, fretful stream, it is broader, and assumes the aspect of a river. From the point where it receives its beautiful tributary, the Elan, it runs almost due N. and S. to Builth, being joined a little below Newbridge by the Ython, and at Builth itself by the Yrfon, which drains a considerable area of North Breconshire. The same character of scenery prevails below Builth and Three Cocks—viz., a valley more or less narrow, and girt on either side with a charming succession of well-wooded hills, feathering to the water's edge, and averaging a height of 1,000 ft., or thereabouts. In this latter section the Wye is reinforced by several small streams, the most noticeable of which are the Edw and the Bachwy. At Three Cocks, however, a marked change takes place where the Llyfni flows in—the Wye turns abruptly to the N.E., the mountains recede, and the valley becomes correspondingly wider and more open. Once past Hay, where Breconshire is quitted for Herefordshire, the Wye loses its rapidity of flow, and for the next 35m. has a much more sedate course to Hereford, while the in-

creasing roominess of the vale allows space for sundry windings. This tendency is very marked below Hereford, the Wye flowing in turn to every point of the compass, although it preserves a general direction of N. to S. Here, too, it becomes navigable for boats, which can be utilized at Ross for viewing some of the loveliest river scenery in the world. Near Monmouth the Herefordshire border is reached, and the Wye completes the remainder of its career between the counties of Monmouth and Gloucester, becoming tidal between Bigsweir and Brockweir. Its later tributaries are the combined streams of the Lugg and Frome in Herefordshire, and the Monnow and Trothy in Monmouthshire, the Wye itself finally losing its identity in the Severn estuary, a very few miles below Chepstow.

The geology of the country through which it flows is of considerable general interest, although there are few great systems involved, and nothing of later date than palæozoic rocks. Taking the whole area of the river basin, by far the largest portions are divided between the Silurian and the Old Red Sandstone, the former extending from the source of the river throughout Radnorshire and North Breconshire, the latter embracing nearly all Herefordshire and a great part of Monmouthshire. Radnorshire consists principally of Upper Ludlow rocks, which can be especially well studied, together with the Tilestones (that lie between the Upper Silurian and the Old Red) in the district between Kington and the Wye at Hay; the Ludlow rocks cross the river into North Breconshire, to form the ranges of Mynydd Epynt and Bwlch-y-groes. North of these the high grounds above the valley of the Yrfon and at Llanwrtyd form an area of Lower Silurians, in the shape of Llandeilo Rocks, extending into Montgomeryshire, while a most interesting and instructive district of the same age is to be met with between Builth and Llandrindod Wells, as also at the Carneddau Hills, west of the former town. Both here and at Llanwrtyd they are much associated with igneous complications. From the southern border of Radnorshire the Wye bids adieu to the Silurian system, save at one locality, a little below Hereford, where it skirts the western side of the Upper Silurian valley of elevation at Woolhope, which rises abruptly out of the great Old Red Sandstone plain, of which nine-tenths of Herefordshire is composed. The

exquisite cliff scenery below Ross, of which the Coldwell Rocks and Symonds Yat are the *point d'appui*, all consists of Carboniferous limestone, and forms the westerly rim of the Forest of Dean coalfield, which occupies a large area in Gloucestershire, on the east of the river. Before reaching Monmouth, this limestone is interrupted; but it appears lower down, opposite Tintern, whence it extends in almost an unbroken wall to below Chepstow. Occasionally a few isolated patches of Permian are met with in connection with and above the limestone.

Although, as a rule, the interest of the Wye is centred in its scenery, the tourist of an archæological turn of mind will find plenty of attraction, particularly on the lower section of the river and its tributaries, as is shown in the following list. *Earthworks*—Roman and British: Kenchester (the Roman city of Magna), Credenhill and Caerwent, Mouse Castle, Dinedor, Acornbury, Caplar. *Early stones and crosses*; Arthur's Stone, Newchurch Cromlech, Buckstone, Cwmddaudwr (Rhayadr), Llanwrthwl, Llandrindod, Llanbadarn Vawr, Llanafan Vawr, Llangam-march, Llowes, near Hay, Staunton, Mitchel Troy. *Castles*: Builth, Cefn Llys, Aberedw, Bronllys, Clifford, Goodrich, Wilton, Raglan, White, Skenfrith, Grosmont, St. Briavels, Chepstow, Caldicot. *Churches*: Builth, Moccas, Madley, Fownhope, Hoarwithy, Hereford Cathedral, Kilpeck, Ross, Raglan, Staunton, Monmouth, Bredwardine, Abbey Dore, Welsh Bicknor, Llanthony Abbey ruins, Newland, St. Briavels, Tintern Abbey ruins, Matherne, Tidenham, Chepstow, etc.

It is almost a sacrilege to mention the name of the Wye in connection with manufactures, and, indeed, they are so few that it is well-nigh needless. Hereford, of course, has some industries, such as are to be found in every city of a certain size; but it is only when we approach the neighbourhood of the coal and iron fields of the Forest of Dean that we find their influence, in the tin plate and wire works of Tintern and Lydbrook, invading some of the most beautiful glens in the whole district. Fortunately, however, none of these are on a very large scale. Perhaps the most important resources of the Wye are its salmon fisheries, which, directly or indirectly, are of very considerable value, besides attracting a numerous residential gentry. The whole distance from Chepstow is dotted with pretty houses, ancient manors, and parks, which, with all the fascinations

of the Wye, are seldom untenanted. The tourist, whether pedestrian or bicyclist, is well provided with excellent and fairly level roads, considering the mountain character of the country. The more lazily disposed, and that class which requires only a day to see that which ought to take a week, have the advantage of a railway, one side or the other, through the whole length of the valley, though worked by different companies. From Chepstow to Monmouth runs the Wye Valley line of the Great Western Company, by which system also the traveller is conveyed to Ross and Hereford. From thence, to Hay and Three Cocks, the traffic is under the care of the Midland Company, which surrenders it at the latter junction to the Mid-Wales Company, who are the carriers to Builth, Rhayadr, and Llanidloes. There are plenty of opportunities for joining or quitting the Wye lines—viz., at Ross (for Gloucester and London), at Monmouth and Three Cocks (for South Wales), at Hereford (for the Midland Counties), and at Builth (for Shrewsbury and the North). It may be as well to remind the tourist that refreshment rooms are few and far between, being only to be met with at Hereford and Builth Road above Builth.

ROUTE I.—FROM CHEPSTOW TO TINTERN AND MONMOUTH.

As seven-tenths of the visitors to the Wye will in all probability approach it from London and the S., it is thought better to commence proceedings from Chepstow, and ascend the river. The interest of the journey begins for some distance before actually reaching Chepstow, which, from its peculiar situation, is the centre of a district containing some of the most wondrous engineering works of the age. The various routes to Chepstow are as follows:

- (a) From Gloucester, *via* the South Wales Railway, passing OAKLE STREET, GRANGE COURT (*where a branch goes off to Ross and Hereford*), NEWNHAM, AWRE, and LYDNEY. The scenery is charming, the line for the most part running close to the Severn estuary, which even at low tide is picturesque with its immense areas of brown sand and mud banks,

permeated with innumerable channels threading their way between. Should the traveller happen to be passing when the tidal wave, known as the "bore" or "hygre," comes up the Severn (an infrequent conjunction of tide, wind, and current), he will be fortunate indeed. The escarpments of the New Red Sandstone in the cliffs and cuttings give a very beautiful colouring to the scene. A little before reaching Lydney the G.W.R. passes under the Severn Bridge, which carries the Severn and Wye railway across to Sharpness Docks, soon afterwards joining the Midland main line at Berkeley Road. By it the Forest of Dean coals have a direct outlet to Bristol and the S., while a more rapid communication is afforded to Lydbrook and Monmouth. The bridge itself is a gigantic iron structure of the girder type, consisting of 21 openings varying from 124 to 327 ft., and a swing bridge of 200 ft., the total length being over 4,000 ft. The measurements, as compared with the Forth and Tay bridges, are as follows:

	Height above high-water	Length
Forth Bridge	150 feet	7,970 feet
Tay Bridge	83 "	10,800 "
Severn Bridge	150 "	4,162 "

The total cost was £200,000.

Lydney is a dirty little town, depending upon iron and tinsplate works, being also the shipping port for the Forest of Dean coals. From hence it is a run of a few miles across the flats to Chepstow.

- (b) From Bristol by steamer, a lovely sail of two hours, down the Avon, across the "Severn sea," and up the Wye.
- (c) From Bristol by the South Wales Union Railway, and through the Severn Tunnel, first opened for traffic in the autumn of 1886. This great work was begun in 1872, when the first borings were made; and the actual distance under the river is $2\frac{1}{4}$ m., though it required two additional miles to bring the rails on each side to a level—the total length of the works being 7m. The extreme width of the tunnel (the deepest part of which is cut through

Pennant rock) is 26 ft., and the height, from the rails to the crown of the arch, $23\frac{1}{2}$ ft.; the top of the tunnel is about 145 ft. under the level of high-water spring tide, and 50 ft. under the bed of the river at the deepest point. The tunnel is ventilated by a fan which will exhaust 500,000 cubic ft. of air per minute; and the pumping machines will raise over 25,000,000 gallons of water per day. The principal officials engaged in its construction were Sir J. Hawkshaw, as consulting engineer, Mr. C. Richardson, as acting engineer, and Mr. T. A. Walker, as contractor; and the total cost was about £2,000,000. Great difficulties were met with on various occasions from the irruption of copious springs, which more than once drowned out the tunnel, necessitating the use of immensely powerful pumps, and numerous were the hairbreadth escapes recorded during the execution of the works. Several thousand men were employed, and a considerable population was assembled at Sudbrook, a very small hamlet on the Monmouthshire side, near Porthskewit.

CHEPSTOW. Hotels: *Beaufort Arms, George*. Pop. 3,378. Conveyances: *Rail (G.W.R.) to London via Gloucester; to Bristol via Tunnel; to Newport, Cardiff, and Swansea; to Monmouth by Wye Valley R.; steamer to Bristol; coaches as well as Wye Valley rail to Tintern*. Distances: *London, 141m.; Porthskewit, 5m.; Newport, 17m.; Monmouth, 16m.; Tintern, 5m.; Lydney, 7½m.; Ross, 26m.; Caldicot, 6m.; Caerwent, 5½m.; St. Arvans, 2½m.; Piercefield, Lion Lodge, 1m.; Wyndcliff, 4m.; Beachley, 3m.; Shirenewton, 4½m.; Itton, 3½m.; Usk, 11m.*

Few towns are more beautifully placed than Chepstow, the romantic situation of which forms a fitting entrance-gate to the glories of the Wye. The rail from Gloucester suddenly emerges from a long Carboniferous limestone cutting, and crosses the gorge of the river, which flows at a great depth beneath. The momentary view is very fine, an almost unbroken wall of rugged cliffs guarding the Gloucestershire bank, while on the opposite side they only stop short at the ruins of the castle, with which they harmonize so completely that it is difficult to say where

one ends and the other begins. Facing the tourist is the town, straggling up a considerable hill and occupying a peninsula with the Wye half surrounding it. Rocks, ruins, foliage, and water are all exquisitely blended, while the presence of houses gives life to the scene. The Wye has at this spot, about 3m. from its mouth, a remarkable feature, in the unusual height to which the tide rises at high-water, from 40 to 50 ft. being not uncommon, while as much as 60 ft. has been recorded. The position of some rocks at Beachley is believed to be the cause of this, forcing the water up from the Severn in a compact body. One would think that so deep a stream would have marked out Chepstow for a port of great trade; but it is quite the contrary, the bulk of the commerce formerly carried on with the Continent having disappeared, and the only manufacture of any importance being an iron foundry and ship-building yard, where a fair number of vessels are turned out. The other industries are insignificant. The tubular railway suspension bridge across the Wye is one of Brunel's great works, and is well worthy of inspection by engineers. It is 50 ft. above high-water, and 600 ft. long, divided into one span of 300 ft., and three shorter land spans of 100 ft. each. The principle is that of securing the greatest possible amount of rigidity for the roadway by suspension chains, firmly fixed to vertical trusses, and a superstructure in the shape of a circular tube. The details are so carefully arranged that the expansion never exceeds an inch in the hottest weather. The cylinders that support the bridge are sunk down to the limestone to a depth of 50 ft. The whole was completed in 1852 at a cost of £65,000. Its size and height are best realized by looking down upon the iron *road bridge* of five arches (centre arch 112 ft. span) that connects the two counties, and which presents quite a pigmy appearance. Nevertheless, when this was opened in 1816, it was considered a great undertaking, and an event of sufficient importance for the whole neighbourhood to be *en fête*.

The tourist will find the topography of Chepstow easy enough, for it consists only of a steep main street running down to the Wye. Close to the George is a picturesque but inconvenient archway known as the *Town Gate*, of the date of the 16th century, which in earlier days was used as a prison. The chief object of interest is, of course, the

Castle, which lies at the bottom of the town, a mighty mass of masonry occupying nearly 4 acres on a platform of rock rising sheer from the river. From its great strength and natural position it must have been well-nigh impregnable, although it is singular that the broad sloping ditch or dry moat which forms the defence on the landward side was outside the town walls. A lovely wooded path now runs through this ditch, emerging at the back of the ruins on the Monmouth road. The castle of Striguil or Estrighoiel, as it is called in Domesday Book, is believed to have been originally built by one of the Norman Earls of Hereford (William Fitz-Osborne) in the 11th century; but the main portion was pulled down and subsequently rebuilt by one of the Bigods in the 13th century, since which time it has been subject to various alterations during the tenure of the successive families who owned it, such as the Clares, Bigods, and Pembrokes. From these latter it descended to the Somersets, the present owner being the Duke of Beaufort, who owns more ruined castles (mostly in Monmouthshire and South Wales) than any individual in Great Britain. The most stirring events in the history of Chepstow Castle took place during the Civil Wars, when it was the subject of particular attention at the hands of the Parliamentarians. In 1645 Colonel Morgan took the fortress by assault after a short siege, capturing Sir Robert Fitzmaurice, the Royalist governor, with all his garrison and stores. Subsequently to this Sir Nicholas Kemys, with a small party, got hold of the castle by a surprise, but were, in their turn, besieged by Cromwell himself, who, after a short stay, left Colonel Ewer in charge with a considerable force. Finding their provisions nearly exhausted, the brave little garrison let down a rope by night with the intention of escaping by boat. Unfortunately for them, this manœuvre was espied by a Parliamentary soldier, who pluckily swam across the river with a knife in his mouth and cut the boat adrift. The garrison was soon obliged to surrender, and many of them, with their brave commander, were cruelly murdered. From that time the castle was gradually neglected, though not actually dismantled, for we hear of a garrison being occasionally quartered there until the end of the last century.

The first thing to be noticed is the fine old entrance gate between two round towers, the original doorway

still existing, though much battered and patched. The portcullis grooves should be noticed, as also the apertures for throwing down hot water and lead upon the enemy. The interior of the castle, though extensive, is not very elaborate in its details. It is divided into four courts or baileys, all capable of independent defence, of which the first, in shape an irregular square, is by far the largest. Immediately on R. of gateway is a block of buildings where the custodian lives, containing the ancient kitchen and offices; below it is an interesting ground chamber cut out of the rock and opening above the river. At the S.E. corner of the court (L. of the entrance) is a fine round tower, known as Marten's Tower. Here, in an upper room, was confined for twenty years Henry Marten, one of the tribunal who sat in judgment on Charles I. and signed his death warrant. He was not treated half as rigorously as reported, for he enjoyed ample quarters, leave to see and entertain his friends, and latterly to visit the neighbourhood on parole. A far better man was also imprisoned here for a short time, viz., Jeremy Taylor, the divine, in 1656. Southey alludes to Marten's confinement, but describes him as being treated with great severity. From this tower a walk runs along the battlements, with charming views over the town. The second court, which narrows towards the furthest end, contains no especial feature; but the third is the oldest portion of the castle, marked by the fine Norman keep, in the walls of which bricks and tiles may be observed, possibly of Roman origin. The interior is a noble apartment, evidently the banqueting hall, although some persons hold strong opinions, for which there seems very little reason, that it was the chapel. A very pretty 13th century window, with graceful shafts, looks on the Wye. The third court is longer and narrower than the previous ones, and is divided from the fourth or western court by a sunken way or bridge. This court, which gives some grand river views, was also strongly defended, but the gateway has been removed, and there is now only sufficient to bar further progress. It should be stated that the castle grounds are exceedingly well looked after, and are plentifully provided with seats, adorned with the portcullis device.

Chepstow Church, which also lies near the river, offers some features of great interest. It is of Norman date, and though it does not seem quite clear by whom it was

built, it may fairly be attributed to William Fitz-Osborne or his son. At all events, it was given to the Benedictine abbey of Cormeilles, in Normandy, and became a conventual church. From the ancient architectural features that are left (mixed with much that is barbarously modern), we can appreciate Mr. Freeman's remarks in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*, that there exists here the nearly perfect nave of no contemptible Norman minster. The church, which was enlarged in 1827 from the designs of *Blore*, and further altered in 1841, has a western tower, though it is stated that there was once a central tower also, and that this latter fell about 1720. In the two lower stages of the west front is some beautiful Norman work, in the shape of a deeply recessed and moulded doorway and a small blocked arch on either side, while the stage above is lighted by three Norman windows. The remainder of the tower is uncompromisingly ugly. In the interior are some Norman arches and piers, separating the aisles from the nave. One or two monuments are very interesting, especially the richly gilt canopied effigies of Henry, second Earl of Worcester, in armour, d. 1549, and his countess in her robes. The Shipman family is commemorated by the recumbent effigy of the lady (Margaret Clayton) surrounded by a numerous group of children (ten girls and two boys), while above are her two husbands, both in the act of prayer. Henry Marten the regicide is also buried here.

The *Port Wall* surrounded the town completely at one time, commencing at the bridge, thence running to and alongside of the castle (which was extramural) to the town gate, and returning to the bridge to the S. of the town. Of this latter section there are several remains in fair preservation, about 20 ft. in height, and occasional watch-towers. They are worth exploration, if only for the views across the Severn. At one time there were four chapels in Chepstow, succursals of the conventual church, viz., St. Ann and St. Ewen in Bridge Street, St. Thomas in Welsh Street, and St. David, the latter over the bridge, but they have all disappeared or been turned into dwelling-houses.

The whole neighbourhood of Chepstow abounds in beautiful walks, and the tourist may make it his headquarters for a few days with great advantage.

Excursions :

- (a) To Beachley and the Old Passage 3m. ; crossing the bridge, ascending Tutshill, and taking first turn to R. underneath the South Wales R. 1½m. is Sedbury Park (Sir W. H. Marling, Bt.), better known as the seat of the late Mr. Ormerod, the antiquary and learned historian of Cheshire. He possessed an unequalled antiquarian library, which was unfortunately dispersed by his successor. A remarkable object of interest here is *Offa's Dyke*, which extends from the mouth of the Wye to that of the Dee in North Wales. The dyke was a civil boundary rather than a military defence, erected by Offa, who ruled over Mercia from A.D. 757 to 796, and was intended as a warning to the turbulent Welsh not to cross the boundary on pain of death—an announcement that naturally was followed by frequent incursions on the part of the mountaineers, and many a bloody battle. Mr. Clark (in his *Mediæval Military Architecture*) points out that the dyke and the immense number of moated mounds thrown up along its course showed that the English had early and long possession of large tracts of the lower country. The dyke commences on Sedbury Cliffs, passes along the Gloucestershire side of the Wye into Hertfordshire, Radnorshire, and so on into North Wales. There are at Sedbury traces of earlier people than the Saxons, for many remains of Roman pottery were found here, and, from the accompaniments of kilns, grinding-stones, and other things, it is evident that the ware was produced here. Mr. Ormerod minutely examined and described them in his work *Strigulensia*. The road ends at *Beachley*, which has always maintained a certain importance as being the *Old Passage* from Monmouthshire to Aust Cliff on the Gloucestershire side of the Severn. No doubt, in Roman times, a passage existed here between *Aqua Solis* (Bath) and *Venta Silurum* (Caerwent); and until the completion of the New Passage pier near Porthskewit, it was the only route for coaches between South Wales and Bristol. On the rock at the extreme mouth of the Wye, which at high-water becomes an island, are the rude remains of

St. Tecla's chapel or hermitage, commonly called *St. Treacles*. Beachley at this point saw some warm work during the Civil War. It was twice attempted to be fortified for the King by Prince Rupert and Sir John Wintour, but in both cases the effort was unsuccessful. The geologist will look with longing eyes at the New Red Sandstone cliffs of Aust, and remember that there is one of the finest Rhœtic sections in the kingdom, and one of the few places where the elytra, wing cases, and scales of insects can be collected.

- (b) *From Chepstow to Matherne* 2m.; *Caerwent* 5½m.; and *Caldicot* 6m.—The most direct route is by the Newport road, which climbs the hill and affords some beautiful views over the channel, particularly at a spot called the Look-out. Shortly afterwards a road on L. goes to Matherne, passing Hardwicke House, which was once the residence of Bishop Coplestone of Llandaff. In the grounds are traces of an ancient British camp. 2m. *Matherne*, close to the South Wales R., is a very interesting place, as having once been the episcopal residence of the Bishops of Llandaff. The church, a building of somewhat large proportions, was restored 1881-83, from designs by *Christian*, and consists of nave, chancel, N. and S. aisles, S. porch, and an unusually lofty W. tower. In the interior are to be noticed the *E. E. arcades*, the staircase once leading to the rood-loft, a few fragments of old stained glass, some modern memorial windows, and a 16th century brass, with figures and inscriptions to the family of Willisons. But the chief object of attraction is the monument to St. Thewdrick (the patron saint), or Theodoric, King of Morganwg (Glamorgan), who was slain in a battle against the Saxons at Tintern about the year 600. Bishop Godwin, who lived at Matherne in the 17th century, discovered and opened the king's stone coffin, and speaks of a large wound in the skull; and when the church was recently restored, the same (supposed) coffin was met with, many of the bones being perfect. The Bishop's Palace, close by the church, has fallen from its high estate, but shows traces of its former importance. It is quad-

rangular, and still retains a portion of the gateway, the tower built by Bishop de la Zouch, and the chapel, now used as a granary. Adjoining the churchyard is Moynes or Moigne's Court, once the picturesque old residence of Bishop Godwin (1608), whose arms are to be seen on the front porch, though it is supposed that an earlier building existed where the gateway now stands. Both gateway and house are of considerable interest.

It is but a short walk from Matherne to St. Pierre, the ancient seat of the Lewises, a very old but modernized mansion, approached by an embattled gateway with towers on each side. The family of Lewis has been seated here since 1544, and is descended, together with the Morgans of Tredegar Park, from Cadivor, one of the early Welsh princes. The church, a very small one, has the tombstone of Urian of St. Pierre, 13th century. From this spot the main road (the old *Julia Strata*) continues to Caerwent, the one on L. at Crick going to Porthskewit.

Caerwent (Inn, *Ship*) was famous in Roman times, and as *Venta Silurum*, and the garrison of the 2nd Augustan Legion, must have been surpassed by very few Roman positions in the country. Its situation on rising ground, in the plain at the entrance of Went, or Gwent, land, marked it out as an excellent locality from which to watch the passes and keep the turbulent Welsh in order. The plan of the city was a parallelogram about 500 yards by 300, some of the walls, and especially those on the S., being in a pretty good state of preservation, and having attached to them two or three bastion towers; and it had four external gates, facing the cardinal points, the openings of which were all visible in Leland's time. The walls are of great thickness, and in several places show Roman masonry, in the shape of herring-bone work; but the whole spot is so overgrown and full of rubbish that it is difficult to make any minute examination. A systematic exploration, even now, would reveal a perfect storehouse of Roman remains, for not only was Caerwent renowned in the time of Agricola for the grandeur of its buildings, but at various times

at least half a dozen tessellated pavements of great beauty were discovered. One of these, uncovered in 1855, is to be seen at the museum at Caerleon, while fragments are still visible at Caerwent. The church, which is doubtless built of Roman material (as it could scarcely fail to be), has a plain but rather lofty tower, and a singular but very beautiful blocked arcade on the S. chancel wall. Notice also the buttresses outside the nave, together with the porch and doorway. Even in post-Roman days the glories of Caerwent do not seem to have entirely departed, for it is mentioned as being the seat of a bishopric and of a school of learning.

The tourist may now take the road to the coast, following the course of the Nedern or Troggy Brook to *Caldicot Castle*, not far from Porthskewit. Fortunately for archæology, and for its preservation as a habitable residence, Caldicot fell into the hands of an antiquarian proprietor, Mr. J. R. Cobb, of Brecon, whose zeal in castle restorations is so well known, especially in connection with his operations at Manorbeer Castle, in Pembrokeshire. No picnics are allowed on the grounds, nor are large parties admitted; but inspection is liberally allowed to persons interested in mediæval work on sending in their names. Few places are so worthy of such a visit. Caldicot, the masonry of which Mr. Freeman described as surpassing every military building that he had ever seen, was probably erected by Walter Fitz-Roger, High Constable of England about the end of the 11th century; and it afterwards passed to the Bohuns, and by marriage to Thomas of Woodstock, sixth son of Edward III. Subsequently it came to the crown and formed part of the duchy of Lancaster. Eventually it was purchased by Mr. Lewis of St. Pierre, who sold it to Mr. Cobb. The castle, which covers a large extent of ground, is entered by a remarkably fine gateway, apparently of later date than the rest, consisting of a broad centre front, flanked by side-towers, of which the one on the W. has some perfect machicolations of great delicacy, the corbels being heads that are believed to be portraits. Previous to this present building the entrance was in the west curtain wall,

defended by a moat, and approached by a causeway. The keep, the oldest portion of the castle, stands on a small mound, and consists of a nearly round tower, with a smaller one of solid masonry attached to it. It is most probable that inside the walls and towers a great deal of wood was employed in the various buildings, and it is to this line of restoration that Mr. Cobb's attention was at first directed. The South Wales R., on its way from Newport, passes full in view of Caldicot, as it traverses Caldicot Level. The church, restored in 1858, is well and carefully kept (*choral service*). It has a nave, chancel, S. porch, and a tall central tower. The chancel windows (Dec.) are worth notice. The churchyard is entered by a lich-gate. The population of the village has in modern times been much augmented by manufactures of various kinds.

From Caldicot it is $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. to Porthskewit (*Junction with branch to New Passage, and also the Severn Tunnel line*), only a few years ago a very small village, but now likely to become a place of considerable importance. (*For details of tunnel see p. 6.*) In the 11th century it is said to have been the seat of a palace built by Harold, which was attacked by Prince Caradoc, and all the inmates massacred. The church has a Norman doorway. It is worth while to take a trip of about $\frac{1}{2}$ m. to the *New Passage*, where a ferry has existed ever since the time of the Romans; and the only period of its disuse was during the Civil War, when Cromwell abolished it, in consequence of a sad calamity. The king was supposed to be crossing the Passage on his way from Crick to Bristol, though as a matter of fact he did not go, but turned off to Newport. Some sixty Parliamentary soldiers arrived in pursuit, and insisted upon being ferried across. The boatmen (who were stanch Royalists) at last yielded, but instead of taking their passengers to the proper landing-place, they set them down on an outlying reef called the English Stones, from which the unfortunate soldiers could not get away before the tide overtook them. The small island, marked by a tower, is known as Charston, or Black Rock. On

the cliffs, a little lower down the coast, is *Sudbrook*, which previous to the commencement of the tunnel works was a most solitary spot, but while they were in progress possessed a considerable navy and artisan population. Here, overlooking the water, is a British earthwork, evidently placed to protect the passage, and in its fosse are the ruins of a very small Norman church. The whole neighbourhood abounds in early remains: there being some sepulchral stones at a spot called Heston Brake between Porthskewit and the Passage, and others, claimed to have been "Druidical," on Stow Ball Hill.

From Porthskewit it is a short run of 5m. to Chepstow, before reaching which very charming peeps are to be had of the Wye mouth through the gaps in the limestone cuttings. As the train glides into the station, the tourist can get a glimpse of the port wall on L. and above him.

- (c) *From Chepstow to Shirenewton and Itton.* By this excursion a very pretty district can be explored, principally of the high ground which intervenes between Chepstow and Usk. It has at least the merits of breezy upland air and grand views of channel-ways. Taking the same road as the last, but leaving the Newport road on L., the first village arrived at is *Mounton*, in a most picturesque valley shut in by rocky banks. A pleasant trout stream flows down it to Pwl-meyric and Matherne. $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. *Shirenewton* is situated, 500 ft. above the sea, the tower of the Norman church (restored 1853) rising up very conspicuously. Here, it is said, was buried Bishop Blethyn of Llandaff, the predecessor of Bishop Godwin of Matherne (p. 13). *Shirenewton Hall*, from whence the view is very grand, is familiar to men of science as the seat of Mr. E. J. Lowe, whose astronomical and meteorological researches are so well known. About 1m. N. is *Itton*, the church of which is E. E. (restored 1869). It contains some stained glass windows by *Hardman*. *Itton Court* is a feudatory house to the duchy of Beaufort. Though modernized, it has some interesting features, in the shape of a tower of the 14th century. Should the

tourist wish to extend his walk, he can visit *Newchurch*, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m., with a remarkably perfect cromlech, or explore Wentwood Chase, with its numerous border towers.

There is a choice of routes from Chepstow to Tintern, by rail, by water, or on either side the river by road. Tourists whose time is limited will find it to their advantage to go to Tintern by rail, and return to Chepstow by road on R. bank, *via* Wyndcliff and Piercefield. Or this route might be reversed, which would be better still. Should the visitor not be able to return to Chepstow, he should take the Piercefield road and join the rail at Tintern for Monmouth.

The *Wye Valley line* quits the South Wales about 1m. on the Gloucestershire side, ascending a steep bit of incline, and soon gaining a wider view over the flats, the Severn, and the opposite shore. $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. TIDENHAM STATION. The village is charmingly situated, nestling under the hill, with the Wye on one side and the Severn on the other. The church, which has an embattled W. tower, is of the 14th century, though an older one built by William Fitz-Osborne existed previously; and, indeed, Tidenham itself is mentioned as long ago as 956. The font, of the 11th, century is exceedingly interesting. It is of lead, much ornamented with figures in the alternate compartments. It is very singular that two fonts so uncommon, and so similar to each other, should exist in adjoining parishes (Llancaut). The E. window is a memorial to Bishop Armstrong. Hitherto the Wye has been invisible, but on emerging from a tunnel under Dannel Hill, the tourist is almost confounded by the glorious view that breaks upon him on L. The river, unfortunately tidal, and therefore muddy, is at a great depth immediately beneath, as it winds round the peninsula of Llancaut; opposite is the Wyndcliff, the whole gorge being a mass of gray rocks and green foliage. The eye has scarcely time to take it in when it is past and shortly afterwards replaced by an exquisite peep of Tintern Abbey. This, too, is only momentary, for another tunnel is entered, and the line, which has undergone a considerable descent, crosses the Wye by an iron bridge to (6m.) TINTERN STATION, inconveniently placed nearly a mile above the Abbey.

A coach runs daily during the season (May to October)

between Chepstow and Tintern Abbey. Fare 1s. 6d.; return 2s. 6d. At the Town Gate the Monmouth road is taken. Passing at the back of the castle, $\frac{3}{4}$ m., are the scanty remains of *St. Kynemark*, a chapel that belonged to the Prior of Chepstow. 1m. between Crossway Green and St. Arvans village (church, Norman, restored by Mr. Clay, of Piercefield, in 1883) is the lodge gate of *Piercefield*, one of the great show-places of the neighbourhood, and, as far as the natural beauties go, most justly so. [*The grounds and walks, which extend for some 3m. along the cliffs of the Wye, are open every Tuesday for the whole day—carriages have to be left at the lodge, and are rejoined at the Wyndcliff gate.*] Piercefield, which is no very modern creation, belonged originally to the family of Waters, 12 generations of whom lived here, and was sold in the 18th century to a Colonel Morris, whose son Valentine, a West Indian proprietor, spent an enormous fortune in laying out the grounds and decorating them in what must be confessed to be the bad taste of the age. What with this outlay and the still more costly amusement of electioneering, he ruined himself, and Piercefield passed to many successive owners of no particular celebrity. Like most show-places, it has its special points of view, each of which is characterized by exquisite variety of rock, hanging wood, and water, assuming a different aspect at each turn, and forming a grand and continuous panorama. The first point, the Alcove, extends its view from the railway-bridge and the castle at Chepstow to the precipitous frontage of Llancaut, the rocky face of Tutshill, on the high ground above which is the seat of Castleford, being a conspicuous feature. The Via Julia from Gloucester (*Glevum*) to Caerwent (*Venta Silurum*) is believed to have crossed the Wye by a ford at this spot. Then come the Platform, the Grotto, and the Double View, which being on higher ground, extends on one side to a long distance into Monmouthshire, and on the other embraces the whole downward course of the Wye to join the Severn sea, the background formed by Gloucestershire and Somerset hills. The Half-way seat, the Pleasant View on the summit of the rocks known as the Twelve Apostles, the Lover's Leap, have for their opposite and central points the wonderful cliffs of Ban-y-gor and Llancaut, while on L. is the equally striking summit of *Wyndcliff*.

This celebrated limestone hill owes but little to its height, which is not quite 900 ft. above the sea, but to the extraordinary character of the views, amounting almost to an optical illusion. The continuous scenic effects which the tourist has enjoyed in the grounds of Piercefield are here gathered up into one exquisite panorama, while from the increased height, the foreground of the Wye, which flows at an immense depth below, and its rocky banks are unexpectedly dwarfed and appear as if they were at a far lower level than the Severn channel and the Gloucestershire hills that form the background. "It consists in a most uncommon combination of wood, rock, water, sky, and plain, of height and abyss, of rough and smooth, of recess and projection, of fine landscape near and exquisite perspective afar, all melting into each other and grouping in such capricious lines that it is probably unique in England."—(*Fosbrooke*.) This is, perhaps, the best description of the view from the Wyndcliff, which includes at least nine counties, viz., Gloucester, Somerset, Wilts, Devon, and Glamorgan, ranging from L. to R., while inland are Monmouth, Brecon, Hereford, and Worcester, this portion of the view embracing a large extent of the S. Wales coalfield, the Sugar Loaf, the Black Mountains, and the Malverns. The immediate foreground is occupied by the various reaches of the Wye, reinforced on L. by a distant view of Tintern, which does not figure in the Piercefield panorama. It would be a magnificent view from any hill; it is perfectly unique from an eminence under 1,000 ft. in height. The tourist will experience no difficulties in the ascent of Wyndcliff, although it is steep for the time being; and the way down is facilitated by a long series of steps, resting-places being found half-way down in a grotto, and again at the bottom in the cockney-fied little Moss Cottage, where simple refreshments can be obtained. From Wyndcliff the road descends in terrace form, accompanied on R. by the wonderful rocks of Bannygor, the valley gradually expanding a little, until a sudden turn brings the visitor in sight of (5m.) *Tintern Abbey*. The village of Tintern Parva, the Abbey really being in Chapel Hill parish, straggles for nearly a mile, closely following the quiet curves of the river, which here runs through woody glen instead of rocky gorge. [Hotels: *Beaufort Arms*, immediately opposite the Abbey; *Rose and Crown*: *George*: refreshments can be obtained at

several places. The Beaufort Arms is about a mile from the station, to which there are conveyances. A coach to Chepstow, calling at Moss Cottage and Piercefield Hotel, St. Arvans (fare 1s. 6d.), daily in the season—May to October.]

Never was a more beautiful building erected on a more charming site than Tintern. It was founded for Cistercian monks in the early part of the 12th century by Walter de Clare, the second of that family, but it was not actually built for many years later, by Roger de Bigod, one of the Lords of Chepstow, in the latter part of the 13th century. Even then it is probable that all the accessories to the Abbey were not finished, for the cloister is said not to have been erected until 1496. Its history is uneventful, but very brief, for in 1537 it was given up into the hands of King Henry VIII.'s commissioners, and soon afterwards fell into ruins. These were given by the king to the second Earl of Worcester, from whom they have descended to the Duke of Beaufort. The Abbey, which was built of Old Red Sandstone from the Barbadoes Quarry in the neighbourhood, is cruciform in shape, consisting of nave, aisles, and transepts. Though the central tower has disappeared and the church is roofless, the extraordinary beauty of the proportions and the extreme delicacy of the work must strike even the most careless visitor; and the impression is heightened by the exquisite bits of landscape of the surrounding hills, that are framed within the empty mullions of the windows. The dimensions of the Abbey are as follows: Length, 228 ft.; breadth, 37 ft.; length of transepts, 150 ft.; height, 70 ft. The architectural styles are E. Eng. and Dec., the oldest work being observed in the N. aisle of the nave and in the N. wall generally. The nave was divided from both N. and S. aisle by five bays, the piers of which are standing on the S. side, those of the N. being marked only by their bases. Eastward of this, and nearly in the centre of the church, was the monks' choir, marked by the beautiful arches upon which the central tower was reared. This choir, however, extended westward for at least a bay beyond the tower, and its further progress was checked by a roodscreen. A door on the N., nearly opposite where the screen stood, as also one in the N.W. corner of the N. transept, gave the monks access to their choir from the monastic buildings, which all lay on the

N. side. The salient point of the whole, which instantaneously attracts the eye, is of course the matchless E. window, 64 ft. in height (the W. window is only 42), which almost entirely fills up the whole width of the presbytery, and which is divided into two by a shaft of exceeding grace and beauty. The high altar was placed immediately beneath the window, although there were chapels with their altars on each side, as also on the side of both transepts. The entrances to the main body of the church were the grand west door, only opened on high days and holidays, a smaller door on the S. side of it, one on the N. side to permit the lay brothers access, two in the N. transept for the monks, one from the same transept leading into the sacristy, and, lastly, one leading from the N. presbytery aisle into the burial-ground outside.

The tourist, having examined the church, will probably explore the conventual buildings. The sacristy, at back of N. transept, is more than usually interesting, as it contains the various monumental and architectural fragments that have been discovered from time to time. Amongst these is the mutilated effigy of a knight in chain armour, believed to be Richard Strongbow or his father; also a portion of the church pavement, marked with the heraldic bearings of the former building. W. of the sacristy (a small room called the monks' library intervening) stood the cloisters, E. of which, and at the back of the sacristy, was the Chapter House, a fine vaulted chamber. At the extreme N.E. corner was the monks' day-room, and above it the dormitory. Northward of the cloister was the refectory, 86 ft. in length, in the W. wall of which was a pulpit, whence one of the monks read to the others while dining. A buttery hatch gave access for the food from the kitchen, which apartment completes the line of the W. frontage. Charming views are to be had from the walls of the Abbey, ascended by a staircase in the N. transept. The residence of the abbot is believed to have been at *Tintern Parva*, which lies nearly 1m. distant, on the way to the railway-station. A few domestic remains mark the locality, which is said to have received the particular attentions of the Parliamentary soldiers when it belonged to the Feilding family. *Tintern Parva Church*, close to the river, is a very small E. E. building, to which the Abbey probably contributed its share of

stone. In a little side glen are the Tintern wireworks, originally established in the 16th century by Germans, to whom our early metal trades were so much indebted.

The tourist who contemplates returning to Chepstow instead of going on by rail to Monmouth has a beautiful alternative walk on the L. bank of the Wye, above the level of the line. There is a ferry across the river down by the Abbey, and the tram-road bridge of the wireworks may also be utilized. On the hill above is a farm called *Modesgat*, remarkable as containing a well-preserved bit of Offa's Dyke (p. 12). It was probably from here that the old house at Tintern Parva was fired upon by the Roundheads. Rising high from the river-bank is the *Devil's Pulpit* (a Wyndcliff in miniature), the view from which is very fine, embracing to a certain extent the same features as are to be seen from Piercefield, but extending higher up the river as far as Llandogo. Rejoining the highroad from Coleford, a little before reaching Tidenham, we arrive at perhaps the most singular view on the whole course of the Wye, which makes one of its extraordinary curves, returning almost to the point from which it started. The peninsula thus formed includes the very small parish of *Llancaut*, consisting of a church (disused) and one farmhouse. The situation of this parochial microcosm is unique, placed as it is within the rocky walls of Ban-y-gor, and free from all intrusion from the outside world. The church, which must have been far too big for the parish, although it only measures 40 ft. by 12, has been condemned as unsafe, and is therefore closed. In the farmhouse are shown the bell and the leaden font, a very curious relic, and almost a duplicate of the font in Tidenham Church (p. 18), although it is not in such good preservation as the latter. On the cliff above Llancaut is a double row of limestone blocks, crossing the neck of the peninsula. These are the *Bulwarks*, and are probably of natural origin, though they are generally attributed to Sir John Wintour, who, after a sharp fight in 1644 with the Parliamentary general Massey, was defeated with a loss of over 100 of his followers. Sir John himself fought his way desperately through the enemy to the cliffs, over which he leaped and reached the river in safety. The locality where this rather apocryphal feat took place is still known as Wintour's Leap. At the Bulwarks is the *Double View*, which yields to none other

on the Wye for its striking effects. On the R. is the Dannel Hill (close by), and further off the hills around Tintern, while immediately opposite are the woods of Piercefield and the buttress walls of the Twelve Apostles. It is a charming walk all the way to Chepstow (about 2m.), passing Penmoyle, and descending the hill at Tuts-hill; or, if preferred, the tourist may catch the train from Monmouth at Tidenham Station (p. 18).

Excursion :

From Tintern to *Trellech*, a village over the hill, about 2½m. L., containing some singular antiquities. Among them are a chalybeate spring, called the Virtuous Well, and believed to be very efficacious, although unknown half a dozen miles away; three upright stones, associated traditionally with Harold, but probably of Celtic origin; an earthwork of considerable size, and an ancient cross in the churchyard. The most interesting, however, is the sundial, which commemorates on its sides the three former curiosities, the well, the mound, and the stones, by carvings, beneath which are Latin inscriptions. Another mound, some little distance on the Raglan road, at a place called Craig-y-dorth, is supposed to refer to Owain Glyndwr's battle with Henry V. It is evident that Trellech was of considerable repute in early times. The pedestrian can get to Bigsweir *viâ* Llandogo without returning to Tintern.

The remainder of the journey to Monmouth is best done by railway from Tintern Station, about ½m. beyond which, on the opposite bank of the Wye (*ferry*), is *Brockweir*, a primitive but charmingly situated little village. It used to have some trade in shipbuilding, but the only industry now is the fishery, which is let by the Duke of Beaufort all the way to the Severn. The tide up the Wye runs only for a short distance above Brockweir. 2½m. higher up on L. is *Llandogo*, another exquisite village, nestling under a steep wooded hill, up which a walk leads to a waterfall known as *Cleddau Shoots*. The way is pretty but steep, and the results scarcely worth the fatigue. The church, dedicated to Odoceus (a name smacking much of the *Ingoldsby Legends*), consists of nave, aisles, N. and S. porches, and tower with spire. The whole of this

neighbourhood is dotted with pretty residences wherever vantage of view can be had, and so with the opposite hill, though it is far more inaccessible.

It is worth noting that, viewed from a residential point, the majority of the old Monmouthshire and Gloucestershire families have given place to "foreigners," who have left the smoke and disagreeables of the North and the Midlands for the *dolce far niente* of the Wye.

8½m. BIGSWEIR STATION. The two counties are here joined by a fine one-arched river bridge of 160 ft. span. Just above it L. is Pilstone House, and on Gloucestershire side, Bigsweir House, formerly belonging to the Rooke family, one of whom, a gallant admiral, captured Gibraltar.

Excursion :

It is a most interesting excursion, but by a steep bad path, to *St. Briavels* (pronounced Brevels), the fine church-tower of which is seen far and wide, cutting the skyline on R. It is about 2½m., but will require at least an hour. *St. Briavels Castle*, which stands immediately facing the church, has from its earliest foundation been of great importance in the district, owing to its situation on the skirts of the Forest of Dean. Originally built as a border fortress by one of the Earls of Hereford (*temp.* Henry I.), it passed to the crown in the reign of John, and has ever since been a royal castle. It is still inhabited, and, theoretically, is the residence of the Constable of the Hundred of *St. Briavels*, though practically it is under the care of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, who still nominally perform here duties connected with the mining properties of the Forest of Dean. Externally the principal feature is the entrance gate on the N., defended by a rather massive round tower on each side, which in their turn are protected by a moat. The keep, at the S.E. corner, is in ruins. The interior rooms are noticeable for the immense thickness of the walls, and in what is now the kitchen in the W. tower are some most singular relics, in the shape of the turnspit's wheel, etc., hung up above the fireplace. As far as known, there are only two or three of these left in

the kingdom, *e.g.*, at Windsor and Winchester. The grate itself should be noticed, as also the horn by its side. An adjoining room was used as the debtors' prison not so many years ago, a proof of which is seen in the inscriptions on the wall and the deep embrasure of the window, evidently written by the incarcerated victims of the miners' courts. One of these was written in Charles II.'s time. Another apartment is called the priest's room, and has traces of an oratory. Externally St. Briavels has a very pretty Dec. chimney, like the one at Grosmont Castle (p. 37). St. Briavels Church also has several interesting features, although a very considerable license was taken during its restoration in 1861, extending so far as to alter the plan of the church and the position of the tower. The interior, nevertheless, is well worth studying, especially the Norman arcade of five bays in S. aisle, that of the N. being E. E., also the mouldings of snake-heads and the coloured effigies in the chancel of members of the families of Casman and Warren. The view from the churchyard, or indeed from any part of St. Briavels, is of surpassing beauty. Looking eastward is the tree-topped expanse of the Forest of Dean, a plateau in its general aspect, but marked by many a dingle, and many a distant smoke, betokening the presence of an ironwork or colliery. About 5m. N.E. is Coleford, the Forest capital. Immediately to the W. is the valley of the Wye, at a great depth below. Its upper portion is marked by Penallt Hill, while near Monmouth are the Kymin and other well-known eminences. In the far W. are the Black Mountains, the graceful Sugar Loaf, the Graig, the Bloreng, and the Pontypool Hills, denoting the borderland of S. Wales. St. Briavels possesses, or did possess, some singular customs, one of which is the levying a rate of 2d. on the inhabitants wherewith to buy bread and cheese for distribution to all paupers who went to church on Whit Sunday. This formerly took place in the church, but the *melée* became so riotous that it was adjourned to the outside. The custom, which is connected in some way with a right of the poor of the parish to

cut wood in a certain part of the forest, has existed since Henry I.'s time. The tourist can return into the Wye Valley by three routes, either by taking the high ground to Brockweir, 8m., passing Hart-hill Grange; following a winding road past Lindores, to Bigsweir; or by keeping straight up the valley to Monmouth.

1m. beyond Bigsweir the line passes by the charming villa of Florence; 2m. further (on the right) the smoke of the paper-mills of *Redbrook* becomes visible, in a glen of great beauty, which divides the shires of Gloucester and Monmouth. *Redbrook* (called also *Whitebrook*) was once a busy seat of the tinplate manufactures, but these have been extinct for many years. It stands in the parish of *Newland*, the church of which is full of interest. It is a mixture of Dec. and Perp., and consists of a nave with clerestory and aisles, chancel with two south chapels and one north, S. porch, and a lofty and very handsome embattled and pinnacled tower. In the interior are several memorial windows, effigies to Sir John Joce and wife (*temp.* Edward III.), and to two priests (14th century), and a brass with a curious figure of a 'free miner'—very noteworthy. In the churchyard is the effigy of a man in hunting costume—Jenkyn Wyrall, Forester of Fee, 1548. In the village are some well-endowed almshouses, founded by William Jones, a native of *Newland*. Not far from the church is an oak of the unusual girth of 41 ft. The railway crosses the Wye to the L. bank, having opposite to it a picturesque wooded hill, on which is situated the village of *Penallt*, which long possessed a funeral custom of resting the corpse under an oak on the common, and there singing a hymn over it. The railway, which has been for some time on the ascent, now passes **WYESHAM JUNCTION** (the *Coleford branch*), when a lovely view of the vale of Monmouth opens out.

16m. **MONMOUTH (TROY) STATION.** (*Junction with line to Ross, Pontypool, and Abergavenny. Omnibus to the town, 1m. distant.*)

ROUTE II.—FROM MONMOUTH TO ROSS.

MONMOUTH. Hotels: *Beaufort Arms, King's Head, White Swan*. Pop. 5,470. Stations at *Troy and May Hill, close to the town*. Conveyances: Rail (G.W.R.) to *Pontypool and Swansea; to Abergavenny; to Ross, Gloucester, and Hereford; to Chepstow*. Distances: *London, 145m.; Chepstow, 16m.; Tintern, 11m.; Raglan, 8m.; Abergavenny, 17m.; Ross, 13m.; Symonds Yat, 5m.; Coleford, 5m.; Staunton, 3m.; The Kymin, 2m.; Skenfrith, 7m.; Grosmont, 10m.; Usk, 12m.; Gloucester, 26m.*

The situation of Monmouth is very lovely by whatever road it is entered. The hills, although individually of no great height, rise around it in an amphitheatre, the breaks in which allow room for the passage of the Wye and its tributary streams, the Monnow and the Trothy. The geological formation is that of Old Red Sandstone, the Beacon Hill (1,000 ft.) being capped by brownstone, and the Kymin by quartz conglomerate. Monmouth has a history dating from very early times, having been the Roman station of *Blestium*, and afterwards the seat of a castle built by William Fitz-Osborne, whose descendants took the name of Monmouth. Eventually it came into possession of the House of Lancaster, and so to John of Gaunt. The great historical event of Monmouth is, of course, the birth of Henry V. in 1387, which fact is commemorated by his statue over the town-hall in Agincourt Square. The remains of the castle are to be seen on Castle Hill, on the Monnow side. Prior to the erection of the county hall, its large hall was used for the business of the Assizes, and adjoining it was the room in which Henry V. was born. Of the ancient gates (for Monmouth was a Roman walled town) but one exists, called the Welsh Gate, most picturesquely situated on the bridge across the Monnow. Both bridge and gateway are extremely narrow, and the situation is made worse by the passage on either side. Its date is 1272. Across the Wye is a more modern bridge of five arches, built in the 17th century. The most conspicuous feature of Monmouth is the parish church of St. Mary, the lofty and graceful spire of which (200 ft. in height) forms the centre point of the view. It was originally the conventual church of the Benedictines, of whom

was Geoffrey of Monmouth, writer of a fabulous history of Great Britain. It was said to have been a magnificent church and remarkable for the beauty of its stained glass; but when the vandals of the last century got possession, they soon altered all that. Better times dawned upon St. Mary's in 1882, when it was restored by the late Mr. Street, at a cost of nearly £7,000. There is some good stained glass in the tower, given by Mr. C. Roberts. The bells were originally brought from Calais by Henry V., but were afterwards recast by a celebrated Gloucestershire founder of the name of Rudhall. Close by the church is an interesting bit of ruin in the shape of an oval window, a fragment which (traditionally) formed a part of Geoffrey of Monmouth's study. At this point the Monnow flows at a considerable depth below the roadway, which overhangs it almost precipitously, and to the apparent risk of the old market-house, which stands on the edge of the cliff. St. Thomas's Chapel (restored 1880) is situated in Over Monnow, beyond the Welsh Gate. It is of Norman date and has a very interesting chancel arch. This portion of Monmouth was in old days inhabited by the makers of the Monmouth cap, an article of attire very much in vogue (p. 75). The Grammar School, near Wye Bridge, was founded in James I.'s reign by William Jones, a native of the town, who had made his fortune in London. The chapel was restored in 1865. Amongst the modern establishments are the Working Men's Institute and the new Market-house in Priory Street. Monmouth makes an excellent centre whence the tourist can explore the beauties of the neighbourhood, which are many, whether down the Wye to Chepstow; up it to Ross; up the Monnow, into the Forest of Dean; or to the Monmouthshire castles towards the Usk Valley.

Excursions :

(a) To the Kymin, the Buckstone, and Staunton.

The *Kymin* is a very conspicuous wooded hill of Old Red Sandstone, capped by conglomerate, which rises to over 800 ft., about 2m. from the Wye Bridge, and commands one of the finest panoramas in the whole district, comprising many counties, and (it is said) a circumference of 800m. On the summit is a somewhat melancholy temple, adorned with medallions of celebrated English admirals. It was

put up in 1800, to commemorate the actions of the British navy in general, and the heroes of the American War in particular. Nelson paid it a visit shortly after its erection. From the Kymin it is a lovely walk of about 2m. through Bewdley Wood, following the main road for a mile, and turning off R. before reaching Staunton, to the *Buckstone*. This is a famous rocking-stone (over 900 ft. above the sea), which is believed to have been so called from being a rendezvous in the old days of deer-hunting in the forest. It is really a huge mass of Old Red conglomerate, which a freak of nature has deposited, in its downward career, in this singular position. It is most irregular in shape, with an upper surface of nearly 20 ft. in length, but at the point where it rests upon its support it is only 2 ft. square. It is undoubtedly true that the Buckstone oscillates when pushed in a particular direction; but the folly of the experiment was well exemplified in 1885, when a party of idiotic excursionists succeeded in not only shaking it, but in rolling it off its pedestal altogether, and into the road beneath. The excursionists escaped better than they deserved; but it was a tedious and expensive business replacing the stone. There can be little doubt but that the peculiarity of the stone invested it with a certain amount of religious veneration in very early times, for on the surface are two cavities, or rock basins, evidently artificial.

Regaining the highroad, it is but a short distance by the Double View to the village of *Staunton*, remarkable not only for the great beauty of its situation, but for its very interesting church of Norman architecture, with alterations of a later date. The stone pulpit between the aisles, and the font, once apparently a portion of a Roman altar, are especially noticeable. Close to the church is a cross. The visitor may proceed from Staunton to Coleford, 2m., returning to Monmouth by the rail; or he may retrace his steps to the Buckstone, and descend into the valley by Dixon.

- (b) To *Raglan Castle*, an excursion which no visitor to Monmouth should forego, although it does not lie in the water-basin of the Wye. From the Troy

station the line runs through a short tunnel into the valley of the Trothy, and parallel with the Monmouth and Abergavenny road—in coaching days the mail road into South Wales. On L. is *Troy House*, one of the seats of the Duke of Beaufort, which is believed to have been built by Inigo Jones. It is an old-fashioned, high-roofed house, and contains in the interior some carvings (one representing the sacrifice of Isaac) said to have been transferred hither from Raglan. There are also several portraits of the Herbert and Somerset families. $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. L. is *Mitchel Troy Church*, which, with its lich-gate and its yews, forms a pretty picture. There is an extremely interesting cross with early Saxon carvings in the churchyard. $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. R. *Wonastow Court*, a typical old mansion of the 16th century. There is a fine view from *Cwmcarvan Hill*, some little distance on L. This is said to have been the locale of a great battle between Owain Glendyr and Henry IV. in 1504.

$3\frac{1}{2}$ m. DINGESTOW STATION. On the opposite hill is *Dingestow* (or *Dynastow*) castle and church, a very few remains only left of the former. A little further on is *Dingestow Court*, a very pretty Elizabethan mansion.

$6\frac{3}{4}$ m. RAGLAN STATION, (*footpath*) rather more than $\frac{1}{2}$ m. from the village (*Hotel, Beaufort Arms*), which, again, in its turn, is $\frac{1}{2}$ m. from the entrance-gate of *Raglan Castle* (*admission 6d.*). Although many castles (even in Monmouthshire) exceed Raglan in antiquity, scarcely one can approach it in extent and beauty of architecture. A good deal of uncertainty exists as to the precise date of its erection, Grose and Leland putting it down at the 15th century, others to the time of Henry V.; and it is most probable that the original castle of the Clares in Henry II.'s time was very much altered, and perhaps rebuilt, in the 15th century, while the Earls of Worcester added to it and brought it to its highest state of magnificence in the 17th century. It was, indeed, during the residence of this noble family that the most eventful portion of the history of Raglan took place. Charles I. was a frequent guest here of the first Marquis of Worcester, who

not only hospitably received him, but spent upwards of £60,000 (an immense sum in those days) in raising an army for the king's service, though it was but of little good when most wanted. Though at the great age of 83, he refused to surrender the castle to the Parliamentary forces under Fairfax, saying, "I make choice, if it so please God, rather to die nobly than to live in infamy." The siege lasted for ten weeks, at the end of which time (1646) the castle surrendered with all the honours of war to Fairfax, who guaranteed the marquis due safety for his person. This promise, however, was basely disregarded, and the venerable nobleman was given into the custody of Black Rod, though his death occurred very shortly afterwards. The money spent in equipping his Majesty's army was by no means the total loss of the house of Somerset. Large sums in specie were lent to the king, while the destruction to the castle and the grounds by cutting down wood, etc., was computed at, at least, £100,000, to which must be added the sequestration of the income of £20,000 per annum for 14 years until the Restoration. Of all these vast sums the second marquis saw little or nothing, even when the king did come to his own again; and although his loyalty did continue unabated, it was not creditable that the royal memory was so short. The second marquis, Edward Somerset, was a man of much originality and scientific power. He wrote a book describing his 'Century of Inventions,' and was undoubtedly the inventor of a form of steam-engine, the details of which are not clear. At all events, he constructed some cunning waterworks in the moat around the Yellow Tower, and played with much effect upon the Puritans when they came to search the castle. What the besieging army of the Parliament spared of Raglan, time and the robberies of the country-side soon made away with. In fact, it was a ready-made quarry, and it is mentioned that one mason, acting under the orders of the Parliamentary steward, took down and made away with no less than twenty-five staircases, besides smaller stonework in proportion. Fortunately, before the whole castle was levelled, the

then Duke of Beaufort stopped the demolition—and since then, and more especially by the present duke, the greatest care has been taken to prevent further decay, and in keeping the ruins in good order and of safe access to the public. The Warden of Raglan, who is resident, has this responsibility upon his hands, and it wants but a short inspection to see how well the duty is fulfilled.

One of the finest views of the castle is that from the lawn in front of the great gateway, which is defended on each side by a remarkably graceful pentagonal tower. The machicolations of these towers are especially worth notice. On the L., but entirely separated from the main building by a broad and deep moat, is the *Keep*, or Yellow Tower of Gwent (*Melyn-y-Gwent*), a grand mass of masonry consisting of five hexangular stories, 128 ft. in height, and with walls 10 ft. thick. It was connected with the fortress by a bridge across the moat, which disappeared during the siege, but a perfectly safe access is given by a wooden plank bridge. Notwithstanding Cromwell's efforts to destroy the tower, the staircase to the summit is fortunately intact, and thereby the visitor is able to enjoy one of the finest views in Monmouthshire. To the W. are the mountains of the Sugar Loaf, Blorenge, Skyrriid, Little Skyrriid, the Black Mountains; to the N. the Graig, Orcop, Garway, and Saddlebow; while in the Monmouth direction are the Kymin and the high grounds of the Forest of Dean, and towards Chepstow, Trellech Beacon and Devauden Hill. The whole is a panorama of extraordinary beauty.

Through the gateway, underneath the machicolated towers, the *Paved Court* is entered, having on R. the Closet Tower and the breach in the walls through which the attacking army made their entrance. Opposite the gateway is the kitchen in a pentagonal tower, and connected with it by an underground passage, which was called the *Wet Larder*. On L. of the Paved Court is the great hall, a chamber of splendid proportions, but with very little to mark it except a fine oriel window. In the interior are the heraldic bearings and motto

of the Somerset family, and an ample fireplace. Adjoining is the chapel, with two large figures standing out from the walls. W. of this, again, is the *Fountain Court*, which was once decorated with the figure of a white horse, long since disappeared. This court was doubtless under the especial care of the inventive second marquis, for it was here that his system of water supply from a spring a mile off reached the castle. From this court a massive staircase, fortunately too big to be utilized by the depredators, leads to the state rooms, one of which, marked by a large stone window, was the favourite apartment of Charles I. These are the salient points to be noticed, although there are any amount of so-called dungeons, but more probably cellars, which will afford sufficient interest for the explorer, in addition to the narrow walks over most of the walls, all of which are made perfectly secure, and need not alarm the most timid. Outside, too, is the terrace, the bowling-green, and other choice bits of greenery in profusion. Three times a year the precincts of the castle are invaded by the Raglan Archery Club, a well-known county reunion, which has its headquarters here, and once a year the Warden's Fête brings together an enormous crowd, which, it is almost needless to say, the tourist had better avoid.

Raglan Church (restored 1868), although outwardly a plain, unattractive building, contains several objects of interest in the monuments of the Somersets, including those of the second marquis (the inventor) and of the fourth Earl of Worcester, the latter with mutilated alabaster effigies of the earl and his countess. The present duke has placed a tablet over them, detailing their destruction by the Parliamentary soldiers; it is to him, too, that the restoration of the Beaufort Chapel and of the chancel is owing. There is a fine stained glass window in the chapel to the memory of the late Lord Raglan of Crimean fame, who was resident in the parish of Raglan.

The tourist who has time on his hands, and does not wish to return to Monmouth by rail, may extend his excursion to White Castle, about 7½m.

to the N.W.—1½m. at *Cross Bychan*, turn to R. There is a remarkably fine view of the Sugar Loaf and the other hills around Abergavenny. 2m. *Bryngwyn Church*. At 3m. we reach *Llanarth Court*, the beautiful park and mansion of the Herberts, an old Roman Catholic family which has been identified with Monmouthshire a great many years, though, until within the last quarter of a century, under the name of Jones. About 5m. (from Raglan) the visitor reaches the valley of the Trothy once more, and in about 2m. further *Llantillio Crossenny Park* (Sir H. Jackson, Bt.). Close to the house, which is beautifully situated, is the church, a Dec. building with a graceful spire. There is a monument to the son of the late Colonel Morgan Clifford, a former proprietor. *White Castle* is nearly 2m. from Llantillio, and in the heart of the Monmouthshire wilds. It is an imposing fortress as regarding the space that it covers, but a mere shell after all, consisting of a strong curtain, mural towers, and a gatehouse. Its history is as meagre as its architectural details, but it is said to have derived its name of White Castle or Castell Gwyn from Gwyn ap Gwaethvoed, a brother of the Lord of Skenfrith. Mr. Clarke considers that it was a first-class Marcher castle as regards strength and capacity. "It has no keep, and so far it resembles the Edwardian castle; but its main defences are confined to a single line, covered, however, at the principal entrance by a walled earthwork or barbican, and at the lesser entrance by a second and rather smaller earthwork, without or with but little masonry." The salient point of the fortress is the inner ward, a pear-shaped hexagon with six towers at the angles. As there are no traces of buildings within, it is evident that all internal accommodations must have been of timber. The towers are about 60 ft. high, and remarkable for their thickness at the bases. The great barbican consists of a long curtain wall with four mural towers (one forming the kitchen) and an outer gatehouse. On the whole, the date of the castle is about that of John, or perhaps Henry III. It must be looked upon, not so much as a great

military residence, as a depôt wherein a large amount of soldiery might be kept in reserve. The view from White Castle is charming, its very isolation and sequestered situation giving an interest of its own. From White Castle a return must be made to Llantillio Crosseny, whence it is a little over 7m. to Monmouth.

- (c) *Up the Monnow to Skenfrith, Grosmont, and Pontrilas.* This is a walk of very considerable interest, although somehow it is not one that the majority of tourists undertake. It must not be imagined that the 13½m. between Monmouth and Pontrilas cover all the distance of the Monnow Valley; for it has a course of some 26m. from its source in the Black Mountains to its junction with the Wye, besides having some considerable affluents in the Dore, Worm Brook, and the Honddu. But Pontrilas is a more convenient point from which to visit either of these tributary valleys, as it is a station on the Hereford and Abergavenny section of the G.W.R.

2m. At *Rockfield*, where there is a very pretty church with a peculiar timber upper story, the old road from Abergavenny falls in, and the Skenfrith road diverges somewhat from the Monnow, making a considerable bend at (6m.) Hilstone House.

Picturesquely placed overlooking the river is (7m.) *Skenfrith* village and castle, one of those old Marcher fortresses which originally were thrown up during the occupation of the border by the Mercians and the English during the 8th and 9th centuries. Subsequently an E. E. keep was added, which greatly increased its importance, and made it a fit member of what is known as the Monmouthshire trilateral. The other members are White Castle and Grosmont, celebrated as follows by the poet Churchyard:

"Three castles fayre are in a goodly ground.
 Grosmont is one, on hill it builded was;
 Skenfrith the next, in valley it is found,
 The soyle about for pleasure there doth pepe.
 Whit-castle is the third, of worthie fame,
 The country round doth bear Whit-castle's name;
 A stately seat, a loftie, princely place,
 Whose beauty gives the simple soyle some grace."

As regarding its position, indeed, it is close to the river, which thus becomes its principal defence. The keep is a cylindrical tower with a widening base, standing within a trapezium-shaped enclosure formed of curtains and bastions, but unconnected with them. The age of the whole is either of the reign of John or of Henry III., when Skenfrith, like the others, was at its highest state of usefulness in the disturbed state of the country. The church stands close to the castle, and contains an altar-tomb with effigies of the Morgan family, 16th century.

From Skenfrith the tourist should make a diversion of 1m. across the Monnow to Garway, where are some interesting remains of a preceptory of Knights Templars of Jerusalem.

12m. is Grosmont, a village or little town of some local importance, containing the third of the famous trilateral of castles. The scenery at and around Grosmont is charming, it being sheltered by the *Graig Hill*, a prominent landmark in all Monmouthshire and Herefordshire panoramas, although of only very moderate height. Grosmont is well known both for its church and castle, the latter standing about 100 yards from the river, which here makes a sharp bend. After the subjugation of South Wales, it came into the hands of the De Braose family, and subsequently passed to the Cantelupes and the De Burghs, who had a grant of fifty oaks from the king for the purpose of improving the fortress. It was during their tenure that Grosmont was besieged by Llewelyn and relieved by King Henry III., who speedily put the Welsh to flight, although not before the latter had caught the English soldiers napping in the ditch, and carried off 500 horses. He then granted it to the Duchy of Lancaster, whose property it is, together with the two other castles of the trilateral. It is composed of an irregularly shaped court, 110 ft. long, with an east gateway and a wall singularly placed on the N. side, so as to form part of the curtain wall. The great hall, a mere shell, is large in proportion to the scale of the defences, being 80 ft. long, lighted by six windows at the

sides. In some buildings outside of and built against the west curtain is a fireplace, the flue from which is capped by a very graceful octagonal chimney, reminding one of the example at St. Briavels (p. 25). Grosmont contains a fine cruciform church, with an octagonal tower and spire. It is of different dates, the pier arches of the central tower being Late Norman, as is also the octagonal font, while the remainder is for the most part E. E. The N. porch is Dec., probably the work of the same architect who built the castle chimney. The restoration of the roof was undertaken by Mr. Rolls, of the Hendre, a considerable portion of the church having been restored (1870-5) through the liberality of the same family. Here was buried the celebrated John of Kent, a Lollard divine of great repute, who held the living of Kentchurch. He was also a man of considerable scientific research, whereby he obtained the character of a necromancer. Grosmont still retains a market—a proof of its ancient importance.

At 1m. from Grosmont a bridge crosses the Monnow immediately opposite Garway Hill; 1½m. R. is *Kentchurch Court*, which stands in a beautiful park on the slopes of the Herefordshire range of hills, known as Garway, Saddlebow, and Orcop. The house, which is castellated, is of the time of Henry V., and was built by a son-in-law of Owain Glyndwr, who spent much of his time here, eventually dying at Monnington.

14½m. *PONTILAS STATION* (*junction with Golden Valley R.*, p. 74).

The journey from Monmouth to Ross (although by direct road the two towns are only some 10m. apart) is of course much lengthened by following, in any degree, the sinuosities of the Wye. The beauties of this section are difficult to overrate, for, whether by water or by railway, the tourist will pass through a continuous succession of romantic scenery of the highest order. The water excursions down the river from Ross, when practicable, enable it to be seen to the highest advantage; but the railway should not be despised, for with the exception of the two tunnels at Symonds Yat and Welsh Bicknor, it

closely follows the course of the river, while the Symonds Yat and Lydbrook Stations give facilities for exploring the neighbourhood of each.

From TROY STATION it is but a few minutes to MAY-HILL STATION, close to the town, and at the foot of the Kymin, 1m. R. On the opposite side of the river stands the primitive little church of *Dixton*, consisting of nave, porch, chancel, and tower with a low broach spire. Conspicuous on the hill above is *Newton Court*.

As the valley closes in, the Wye makes a sharp curve, having on the opposite bank Wyaston Leys, one of the most beautifully situated places on the river, and sheltered by the *Little Doward Hill*, which rises up pretty steeply behind. On its summit is a green-looking iron framework, erected by a former owner for a look-out, and it need scarcely be said that the view is a glorious one. *It is not open to the visitor*. There is also a well-preserved British camp, with a double vallum on the N.E., and a quadrangular area, open on the S.E., but otherwise defended by steep cliffs. There seems good foundation for considering this to have been the camp of Caractacus, who is said to have had a sanguinary fight with Ostorius, the Roman general, in the valley below, at a spot known as Slaughter. The range of hills opposite and on the rly. side is Hadnock Wood and *Lady Park Wood*, in the face of which, approached by flights of ladders from the river, is a stalactite cave of uncertain extent, the chief chamber being known as the *Devil's Chapel*. It is probable, however, that it is only a disused mine, of which there are many in the neighbourhood of the Forest of Dean. A steep path leads from the landing-place of the Lady Park to the summit of the Double View, whence it is but a short distance to the Buckstone and Staunton (p. 80), an excursion well worth taking.

The Wye now makes another considerable curve round the *Great Doward*, at the eastern foot of which is Symonds Yat, and which is separated from the Little Doward by a ravine. It is a huge mass of Carboniferous limestone, which has been extensively quarried and the stone made into lime; and, as a consequence, the hillside is dotted with habitations. On its western side is *King Arthur's Cave*, a bone cave of great interest, which was explored in 1871 by the Rev. W. Symonds, a well-known Worcester-shire geologist. The excavations yielded two perfect skele-

tons, and some Romano-British pottery was found beneath successive layers of stalagmite, accompanied by bones of the horse, reindeer, cave-bear, hyæna, etc., and the usual kinds of flint and stone implements. Some good finds are also to be met with in the Doward limestone quarries, and especially in fish-teeth, scales, and spines (*Ctenacanthus*). A section of the Great Doward will show basement beds of Upper Old Red, overlaid by conglomerate and the upper yellow sandstone; and above all is the Carboniferous limestone capping the summit. Continuing for about 1m. on the eastern side of the hill, the river assuming every moment a more broken and romantic aspect, the tourist arrives at *New Weir*, and—5m.—*SYMONDS YAT STATION*, at the entrance of a tunnel. (*Comfortable quarters and boats may be had at Davis's Temp. Hotel.*)

The Wye from this point flows from the north, making the longest bend in all its career. Until the ascent of the Yat is made, it is almost impossible to imagine that the length of this curve by Whitchurch and Huntsham is between 3 and 4 m., while the distance across the neck of the peninsula is only a little under 600 yards. It follows, therefore, that travellers by boat usually get out at the Yat, ascend it for the view, and rejoin the boat on the other side. *Yat*, as signifying "gate," is popularly associated with an individual named Symonds, who barred the road to the view until his toll was paid. The Keltic *allt* (height) is, however, suggested as the original Yat; and Symonds is clearly the same mythical personage whose name occurs on boundaries, as in Simonsbath and Simonsbarrow, possibly Sigmund. The Yat, then, is a lofty spur of limestone jutting out and forming the framework, so to speak, of a great bend of the river; and the scene that suddenly greets the visitor on reaching the top may challenge any in Europe, so unexpected and instantaneous is it. The rock platform which crowns the summit is only some half a dozen yards across, so that, whichever side you look, the Wye is flowing beneath you at a great depth, though in different directions. But apart from this apparent optical illusion, the views both near and distant are of the rarest beauty, the principal points of which are as follows:—N.: The great loop of the Wye, Huntsham bridge and meadows, Whitchurch, Rocklands, Coppet Hill, Goodrich Church, and in the far distance the spire of Ross. S.: Staunton Church and the Buckstone (if it is clear), the

Forest of Dean in the distance, Coldwell Rocks, Rosemary Topping. E. : English Bicknor Church, Ruardean Church, Courtfield. W. and S.W. : The Doward, the Welsh hills in the distance.

1½m. from New Weir on L. is the pretty village of *Whitchurch* (Inn, *Crown*), a short way from the river and at the northern foot of the Great Doward. [Distances : *Monmouth*, 4m. ; *Goodrich Castle*, 1m. by road, 7m. by water.] The church contains a memorial to the great Lord Talbot, 1453, who was killed at Bordeaux, and his remains removed hither from Rouen.

Huntsham Ferry, now accommodated with a bridge, is a locality of historical interest, the right of ferrydom having been presented to the family who are still in possession by Henry IV., in return for the good news of the birth of his son at Monmouth. This was imparted to the king by the ferryman at Wilton Castle, and his business-like promptitude rewarded by gifts of the ferry and lands adjoining. On the peninsula is an old manor-house of the Vaughan family, now a farmhouse. The orchard here is noted for its extreme fruitfulness and the enormous yields of cider. On the mainland opposite is *Rocklands*, the residence of the late Judge Herbert, a very popular and well-known county court judge.

When the tourist has feasted his eyes and imagination with the Symonds Yat panorama, he will, if he is wise, instead of descending on either side of the river, elect to walk to Lydbrook Junction through the *Coldwell Walks*, a mile of wonderful peeps and glimpses of an almost magical grouping (*admission* 2d.), the entrance-gate being close to the Yat and parallel with the road to Coleford. The Coldwell Rocks form the commencement or termination (according as the tourist is ascending or descending the river) of the great range of limestone cliffs which mark the lower course of the Wye, and extend in an unbroken wall of at least 600 ft. sheer from the river. Owing to the thick woods, much of the singular effects would be lost were it not for the projections of the rocks, which enable the visitor (with care) to peep down into the depths below. The valley, which on the other side the Yat has been so contracted, now widens a little, leaving room for a few meadows, and this alteration lasts as far as Lydbrook Junction, where another great curve of the river takes place. At the termination of the Coldwell Walks

the path lies through a farmyard (Bicknor Court), and descends the hill to L. (a peep at English Bicknor spire on R.), then through a charming wooded glen with a few scattered cottages (inquire) all the way downhill, emerging very near the signal-box at

LYDBROOK JUNCTION (*with Severn and Wye Railway, to Lydney and Bristol via Severn Bridge*). Here is another beautiful bit of scenery, the salient point in front being Coppet Wood Hill, through which the rail to Monmouth tunnels, and round which the Wye flows in a bend but a little shorter than the one at Huntsham. Close to the tunnel's mouth is *Welsh Bicknor Church*, rebuilt in excellent style in 1859. The interior contains a good deal of carving in Caen stone and alabaster, and some modern stained glass. An ancient effigy in the aisle is traditionally said to have been that of the Countess of Salisbury, who nursed Henry V., but of this the late Sir Samuel Meyrick, of Goodrich, was very sceptical, ascribing it rather to the time of Edward I.

Occupying the slope of the promontory is *Courtfield*, the beautiful old residence of the Vaughans, a long established R.C. family of this neighbourhood, which has given sundry bishops to the modern Roman hierarchy of England. Courtfield is exceptionally interesting, as the place where Henry V. spent several of his earliest years. From this point is a lovely view up the Lydbrook Valley, a deep dell running from the Wye into the Forest of Dean.

Lydbrook (Severn and Wye Railway) is a busy and populous place, dependent upon iron and tinplate forges and foundries, for which the Forest coal affords ample facilities. A supplementary dingle is spanned by the Severn Railway at an immense height, affording a curious view of the industrial hive below. Should time be no great object, the tourist should by all means walk from Lydbrook Junction to Kerne Bridge on the other side of the hill, instead of going by rail through the tunnel. Winding the corner by Courtfield, and on the slopes of Bishop's Wood Hill, is *Bishop's Wood House*, or all that is left of it after its destruction by fire in 1871. But the views from the hill above, over Lydbrook and Ruardean, are extremely pretty, and extend into Herefordshire as far as Ledbury and the Malvern Hills. A brook is crossed at Bishop's Wood which divides Gloucestershire and Here-

fordshire, and another in the Drybrook Glen, higher up, has a subterraneous course of $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. The pedestrian rejoins the rail at

KERNE BRIDGE STATION (Inn, *Kerne Bridge*), which may be said to be situated at the upper gates of the Lower Wye scenery, where the river is crossed both by the line and the turnpike road. The hills between Kerne Bridge and Ross show evident signs of declining in height and boldness. On the opposite bank (rather over $\frac{1}{2}$ m.) is Goodrich, with its church, castle, and court, the former nearest the station. The village (Inn, *Hostelrie*. Distances: *Monmouth*, 6m. *by road*, 14 *by water*) is prettily situated on the high ground between the castle and the Huntsham bend. The church contains two objects of interest, viz., a chalice, the gift of Dean Swift, whose grandfather was vicar here during the Civil War, and a restored memorial window to the late Judge Herbert of Rocklands (p. 41), in which the modern has been successfully blended with the ancient. Beautifully situated on a steep wooded bluff overhanging the Wye is *Goodrich Castle*, one of the most interesting ruined fortresses in the district, although not the most extensive. No one seems to know who built it, although it is attributed to a chief named Godricus Dux, and it is also named as being given by King John to William Strigul in 1204. From thence it descended successively to the Earls of Pembroke and the Talbots, of whom Shakespeare's celebrated French warrior was one. (He is mentioned as Lord of Goderich on his monument at Whitchurch.) It afterwards passed to the Earls and Dukes of Kent, and was eventually sold to the Monmouthshire family of the Griffins. Up to the 17th century the castle seems to have had a tolerably peaceful existence; but its troubles were to come when, garrisoned for the king by Sir R. Lingen, it was besieged by Colonel Birch, 1646. The siege lasted from March 10 to July 31, and resulted in the Parliamentary forces getting possession of the castle, making prisoners of Sir R. Lingen, 44 officers and gentlemen of the garrison, and 60 common soldiers. In shape Goodrich is a parallelogram, with round towers at the angles, and entered (originally) by a very curious long passage, divided into sections by gates and portcullis. On the R. of the passage was the porter's lodge, which communicated with the constable's apartment, and next to the lodge was

the warder's seat, from which the passage of the Wye could be observed. Then came the kitchen, with a sally-port underneath it, and a staircase leading to an ante-room that formed part of the great hall on the W. side, looking over the pleasaunce. The tower at the S.W. contained domestic apartments, and that on the N.W., known as the Ladies' Tower, was the scene of the final breach. At the S.E. angle is the Prison Tower, where some carvings on the jambs of the windows are still visible; and in the courtyard between these two stands the keep, which is believed to have been built prior to the remainder of the fortress by an Irish chief named Macbeth. Like some other castles of pre-Norman date, it was placed close to the outside wall, although it was not lighted on that side. From the appearance of the windows they seem to be of Saxon time. "The large zigzag ornament on each side (between the columns) is in the rude form generally used by the earliest Saxons, and so also is that of the zigzag moulding or band, which is carried by way of ornament across the tower just underneath this window."—(*King*.) The entrance gateway deserves particular attention for its strength and for the ingenuity with which the portcullis and loopholes are arranged for the purposes of defence. The chapel, with the adjoining confessional, is immediately to the L. of the entrance, and there is a pretty octagon pillar in the Ladies' Tower on the N.W. The carvings on the windows in the Prison Tower consist of various figures and signs, some of which, a hart and a swan, were probably the bearings of Richard II. or Henry IV., a figure of a man with a hawk being intended for the king himself. We know that he crossed the river here soon after the Huntsham ferryman had brought him the news of his son's birth, and nothing can be more likely than that he made Goodrich his temporary headquarters.

Separated by a deep dingle from the ruins of the castle is the fine modern mansion of *Goodrich Court*, the pinnacles and towers of which make a brave show above the river banks. It was built from designs of *Blore* in 1828, by the late Sir Samuel Meyrick, whose antiquarian knowledge was as profound as his unique collection of knights in armour was interesting. At Sir Samuel's death this passed to the South Kensington Museum, one great attraction to the Wye tour being thereby lost. *Goodrich Court*

is now closed to the public. On the river-side, on the return to the station, the zealous antiquary may investigate the scanty remains (only a barn) of *Flanesford Priory*, founded 1347 for Black Augustinian Canons. But should he prefer walking to Ross, he may cross the ferry and pursue an open field walk, or take the road, passing *Pencraig Court* and *Wilton Castle* (p. 52).

From *Kerne Bridge* the railway runs a tolerably direct course, passing R. the village and church of *Walford*, a small Norman building which possesses some features of interest, especially some traces of frescoes on S. wall. Here are monuments to the Rev. W. Adams, 1682, a staunch and loyal vicar to parish and king—the inscription is in Latin; also to *Fosbroke*, an antiquary and topographer, and to some members of the *Kyrle* family. *Walford Court*, now a farmhouse, was once occupied by Col. *Kyrle*, a friend of the Protector, who used frequently to stay here. The names of places in the neighbourhood, such as *Warryfield*, bear evidence of the presence of the Parliamentary forces at the time of the siege. Between the railway and river, on the L., is *Hill Court*, with a fine avenue to the house, planted by the Man of Ross. On R. is the beautiful wooded range of the Chase, and the spire of *Ross Church* soon appears in the distance.

ROSS STATION (*junction with G.W.R. from Gloucester to Hereford*). For the convenience of those tourists who have only time or inclination to explore the lower part of the Wye, commencing at Ross and using the river as their highway, the following brief tabulation will be sufficient to point out the objects worth notice on either side, the figures referring to the pages where the detailed description will be found. Boats with experienced men are to be had at Ross from Mrs. C. Hobbs, Hope and Anchor Inn. The following is the tariff:

				One man.	Two men.
				s.	s.
To Goodrich	-	-	-	6	8
Symonds Yat	-	-	-	10	15
Monmouth	-	-	-	15	25
Tintern	-	-	-	25	45
Wilton Bridge.					PAGE
R. Wilton Castle and Village	-	-	-	-	52
L. The Chase	-	-	-	-	45

	PAGE
R. Pencraig Court - - - - -	45
L. Hill Court - - - - -	45
R. Goodrich Court and Castle - - - - -	48
L. Walford Church and Village ; Walford Court	45
Kerne Bridge - - - - -	48
Railway Bridge.	
R. Coppet Wood Hill - - - - -	42
L. Bishop's Wood - - - - -	42
Drybrook. Bishop's Wood House and Church	42
L. Lydbrook - - - - -	42
R. Courtfield - - - - -	42
Welsh Bicknor - - - - -	42
Railway Bridge.	
L. Lydbrook Junction Station - - - - -	42
Coldwell Rocks - - - - -	41
Symonds Yat - - - - -	40
Huntsham - - - - -	41
Rocklands - - - - -	41
Huntsham Bridge.	
R. Whitchurch - - - - -	41
New Weir - - - - -	40
L. Symonds Yat Station - - - - -	40
R. Great Doward - - - - -	40
Little Doward - - - - -	39
Slaughter - - - - -	39
L. Lady Park Wood and Cave - - - - -	39
Hadnock, Kymin, Buckstone, Staunton - - - - -	39
R. Wyaston Leys - - - - -	39
Dixton - - - - -	39
Monmouth - - - - -	28
Monmouth Bridge.	
Railway Bridges.	
R. Penallt Wood - - - - -	27
L. Redbrook - - - - -	27
Railway Bridge.	
L. Highbury Wood - - - - -	27
Florence - - - - -	27
Bigsweir Bridge.	
R. Bigsweir Station - - - - -	25
Llandogo - - - - -	24
L. St. Briavels Church and Castle - - - - -	25
R. Trellech - - - - -	24
L. Brockweir - - - - -	24
Tintern Station - - - - -	18
R. Tintern Parva - - - - -	22
Railway Bridge.	
L. Devil's Pulpit - - - - -	28

	PAGE
R. Tintern Abbey - - - - -	20
Wyndcliff - - - - -	20
L. Ban-y-gor Cliffs - - - - -	19
Llancaut - - - - -	23
R. Twelve Apostles - - - - -	24
Piercesfield - - - - -	19
L. Wintour's Leap - - - - -	23
Tidenham - - - - -	18
R. Chepstow Castle—town - - - - -	7
Tubular Bridge.	
L. Tutshill - - - - -	11

ROUTE III.—FROM ROSS TO HEREFORD.

ROSS STATION. *Junction with lines (G.W.R.) to Hereford and Gloucester. Pop. 3,575. Hotels: Royal (Lim.), expensive, but magnificent view; King's Head; Swan. Conveyances: Rail to Hereford, Gloucester, and Monmouth. Distance: London by rail, 132m.; Gloucester, 18m.; Monmouth, 13m.; Chepstow, 29m.; Goodrich Castle, 4m.; Walford, 2½m.; Weston Penyard, 2m.; Wilton Castle, 1m.; Bridstow, 1½m.; Whitchurch, 6½m.; Holme Lacy, 9m.; Harewood, 6m.*

Very few towns can boast of a more lovely situation than Ross, truly called the gate of the Wye, which here bids farewell to the great Herefordshire plain and enters the broken hills and defiles, through which it flows to the end of its career. It is true that between Hereford and Ross there is some most charming scenery, as a foretaste of that which is to come, but it is not nearly so marked, either in outline or character, as that which commences so soon below Ross. The town, conspicuous for many miles by its graceful spire, stands at a considerable height above the river plain, towards which the streets straggle down in a rather steep slope, the summit of which is crowned by the church and the Royal Hotel. Ross is by no means modern, for it is said to have been a market-place in the reign of Stephen, to have been made a borough by Henry III., and summoned to send to the first Parliament of Edward I. The inhabitants, like thrifty folk, did not appreciate the value of a Parliamentary representative, and actually petitioned the king to be let alone. Ross has in its time been graced by three royal visits, viz., from Henry IV., Charles I., whose

temporary resting-place still stands in Church Lane, and George IV. Naturally, therefore, it contains a fair store of picturesque old houses, such as the *Saracen's Head*, High Street, which has carving of the time of Henry VIII. About the centre of the town, commanding the junction of several streets, is the *Market Hall*, which at first glance looks as if the rows of pillars upon which the superstructure is raised were of Roman date, and this idea is heightened by the ragged look of the stone. It really, however, is a pseudo-Italian design, erected in Charles II.'s reign, and a most characteristic building in form and tone. At one end is a bust of Charles II., and on the wall near the E. a carved monogram, representing F. C. and a heart, and believed to bear the interpretation of "Faithful to Charles in the heart." The hall above, over which is a clock tower, is devoted to the public business of the town.

The chief interest of Ross is, of course, centred in the *church*, and its associations with John Kyrle, the Man of Ross, although even without these there is much worth seeing in it. Its general date is the 13th century, but it has had at various times many alterations, not always for the best. From the appearance of several of the pillars, it is probable that an earlier Norman church preceded the present one. It consists of nave with aisles, chancel, Lady Chapel, N. and S. porches, a pinnacled tower, and a very graceful spire, 208 ft. in height. This "heaven-directed spire" (*Pope*) has twice at least been altered, once by John Kyrle, who took down 47 ft. of the old one, and once by a thunderstorm, which took down 50 ft. But it certainly is a most charming feature, and contributes very largely to the attraction of the town and neighbourhood. Much judicious restoration and improvement has taken place during the time of the late and of the present rector, and a considerable amount of excellent work brought to the light of day which had previously been covered with plaster. The chancel, which is 50 ft. long, is raised above the nave, and it was in making alterations here that many fragments of earlier style were discovered. Supporting the beams in the chancel is a series of saints, kings, and queens. The stained glass throughout the church is unusually interesting. In the parvis over the S. porch is a Perp. window given by the late Rt. Hon. M. Bernard. The E. window of chancel is a fine memorial to the late rector Dr. Ogilvie, and the "ladies' window" forms the W.

window of the nave. Stained glass occupies the lights on the N. and S. sides of the chancel, also the south windows of the Lady or Markey Chapel. But perhaps the greatest interest attaches to what is known as the Kyrle window, at the E. end of the N. aisle, and for the reason that it was supposed, though erroneously, to have been just over where the Man of Ross used to sit. The story goes that some elms had been planted by Mr. Kyrle outside this part of the church, and that after his death a rector, who evidently had no sense of the fitness of things, either proposed to, or actually did, cut down the trees on the excuse that they blocked out the light. But no sooner was the irreverent deed carried out, than some of the roots forced their way inside the church and flourished exceedingly, so as to occupy the precise space inside the window. It is a pretty story, but, like many an ancient tradition, not quite correct. Kyrle never did sit at this exact spot in the church. Nor is there any foundation for the cutting down of the trees by the aforesaid rector; and, in point of fact, the whole incident arises from the very natural glorification of a man who was single-minded and generous to a degree, and whose associations are interwoven with almost every public work that took place in Ross during his lifetime. Whether the story be true or not, it is sad to relate that these singular little elms are now dead.

The Man of Ross deserves a better monument than the one erected to him on the N. wall of the chancel, although its poorness is somewhat compensated by the inscription upon him written by his kinswoman, the Countess of Dupplin. But there really is a most interesting series of tombs to the families of Rudhall and Westfaling. The head of the Rudhall family, who lived at the village of Rudhall, about 2m. distant, was Serjeant Rudhall, 1529, to whom and his wife there is a fine gilt and sculptured altar-tomb, the costumes being of the time of Henry VII. There are several monuments of this family, who appear to have been prolific, one having had four sons and thirteen daughters, another five sons and ten daughters. Two alabaster effigies of John Rudhall and wife, in the costume of Charles I., also an upright effigy of a William Rudhall, a Royalist general, in the dress of a Roman militaire. The Westfalings, of whom was Bishop Westfayling, of Hereford, succeeded by marriage to the Rudhall estate; and on one of the monuments is a charming sculpture by

Theed. Besides these are several memorials to members of the Kyrle family, a modern one to the Rt. Hon. M. Bernard, d. 1862, etc. Ross Church is placed in the middle of a noble churchyard, which is shaded by avenues of elms, held in very high respect by the parishioners, partly from their innate beauty, and partly from a tradition that Kyrle planted them at the Restoration. On the western side is a stone gateway erected by Kyrle and containing his crest, a hedgehog; and this opens to what is known as the *Prospect*, which has played a considerable part in the annals of the town. Indeed, the view can scarcely be excelled for extent and beauty. Below, the Wye curves round a spacious flat, called the Oak Meadow, to the bridge and castle of Wilton, and hence the course of the river passes Pencraig, Goodrich, Coppet Wood Hill, Symonds Yat, and the Dowards. Far in the W. are some of the mountains in the neighbourhood of Abergavenny, viz. Great Skyrrid or Holy Mountain, the Bloreng, the Black Mountains, while more to the N. are the Graig, Orcop, Saddlebow, and lesser Herefordshire hills. To the N.E. lies the beautiful country between Ross and Hereford, broken by the elevations of the Woolhope Hills, Caplar Camp, and the high grounds about Perrystone. Through the Prospect John Kyrle made a favourite walk of about a mile to the W., gradually sloping to the river. This was called the Man of Ross's Walk, at the end of which a summer-house was built subsequently, though it has long since disappeared. Mr. Kyrle took a lease of the Prospect for 500 years, intending to make it a public park, but somehow or other he changed his intention and let a portion to an innkeeper to use as grazing ground. In 1837 a Mr. Barrett bought all Kyrle's rights in the property and built the Royal Hotel, naturally enclosing a portion of land for the hotel gardens. The Ross inhabitants, however, looked with a jealous eye on what appeared to them to be encroachments, and after several overt acts by annoyance on their part, a riot took place in which the hotel grounds were demolished. The affair was about to be placed in Chancery, but fortunately better sense prevailed, and a compromise took place between the proprietor of the hotel ground and the inhabitants, the latter agreeing to use as their own the southern half of the Prospect only.

We can scarcely dismiss this part of our subject without a few words about John Kyrle himself, who did so

much for his native place, and was, in every sense of the word, a philanthropist. He came of a family who settled in Herefordshire *temp.* Edward I., his father, 1627, being a Justice of the Peace at Ross. His life was a most uneventful one, and yet through the powerful force of unceasing hospitality, charity, and good neighbourliness, his name was known far and wide. He was the subject of laudatory verses from more than one celebrated poet, the best known being those of Pope, who wrote to Tonson the bookseller to supply him with the necessary information.

“Behold the market-place with poor o’erspread,
The man of Ross divides the weekly bread,
He feeds yon almhouse, neat but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate.
Here portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.”

The neighbourhood of Ross is extremely pretty and varied, although not romantic, except on the Wye side, from which the tourist has just emerged. A few walks are briefly jotted down, which can be taken, if time allows.

Excursions :

- (a) *To Weston Penyard and Mitcheldean Station, 2m.* *Weston Penyard* is charmingly placed under the bank of Penyard Hill, a long wooded ridge, which forms a conspicuous feature in this portion of Herefordshire, and on the summit of which a castle once existed. “By whom and when it was erected is unknown, and although tradition assigns the foundation to the Talbots, it is equally probable that there was a fortified place here for some time before, in order to communicate between Gloucester and Monmouth by Walford and Goodrich through the narrow defile between the woods of Penyard and the northern extremity of the Forest of Dean, known as *Lea Bailey*.” The church, the tower of which stands in a fine situation on the hillside, was restored by *Street* in 1870; about $\frac{1}{2}$ m. from the village is *Bury Hill*, considered to have been the site of the Roman city *Ariconium*, although some antiquaries argue that this site was at Walford, on the ground of the “wall” in its name, and partly because it was exceedingly rare for the Romans to

build a city so far from a river as is Bury Hill. But it is also said, with much circumstantiality, that about a hundred years ago Roman relics and coins were exhumed, and that there were vestiges of ancient smelting-places.

In Lower Weston are Penyard House and a very picturesque old Elizabethan dwelling well worthy of note: "It is an excellent and interesting example of the mansion of a comfortably-off Tudor squire. Over the doorway are the arms of the builder, who was a Mr. Nourse, a well-known political character in Herefordshire during the 17th century."—(*Duncumbe*.) About $\frac{1}{2}$ m. L. (the other side of the railway) is Rudhall, where the old family of that name lived; 2m. from Weston Penyard, passing L. Wharton Lodge (from which in clear weather there is a singular peep of the Sugar Loaf near Abergavenny), the road divides, straight on to Longhope and Gloucester, sharp to R. to Mitcheldean Road Station, the town of that name being about 2m. to S. Just before arriving at the station is *Lea Church*, with a pretty E. E. spire. The ecclesiologist will find a couple of churches worth attention some 3 and 5 m. to N., viz., *Linton*, restored by *Street*, and *Upton Bishop*, restored by *Scott*. Passing under the railway-bridge, take a lane to R., entering a wooded and hilly bit of country known as Lea Bailey Enclosure, and forming part of the Forest of Dean. Follow the course of a brook that runs between Penyard Hill and Warm Hill, eventually emerging into the Walford Road and the Wye Valley at Coughton. It is more interesting, however, to finish the latter part of the walk by the wooded height of the Chase, from which there is a descent directly upon Ross—an overgrown camp is to be found on the summit of the Chase.

- (b) *To Wilton, Bridstow, and Harewood.* Conspicuous objects in the view from the Prospect are the towers of *Wilton Castle*, 1m. from Ross, where the Wye is crossed by the Monmouth road. Upon the bridge, from whence is an extremely pretty view towards Pencraig and Goodrich, is a curious old

pillar with four sundials and the following pithy advice :

“ Esteem thy precious time
Which pass so swift away,
Prepare thee for eternity,
And do not make delay.”

This bridge, which was built *temp.* Elizabeth, was the scene of a skirmish, during the Civil War, between a party of Royalists from Goodrich Castle and the Parliamentary troops ; and shortly afterwards it was partially broken down to prevent the Governor of Gloucester from passing over. Although the castle itself consists of a mere shell, enclosing in its bounds a modern residence in somewhat dangerous proximity to the ruined walls, it was a place of considerable importance, as one of the chain of fortresses erected to maintain the safety of the Marches. It is supposed to have been built by Stephen, and was long the home of the Greys of Wilton, of whom was Arthur, Lord Grey, one of the peers who sat upon the trial of the Duke of Norfolk. He was the patron of Spenser, who spent much of his time here. Wilton is now the property of the Guy's Hospital Commissioners. The little village straggles alongside the river below bridge very picturesquely.

Leave Goodrich and Monmouth road on L., follow straight on to *Bridstow Church*, which is credited with Saxon age, but was rebuilt 1861. There is a Norman arch in the chancel, and also a tomb of the Greys of Wilton. 1m. L. is *Peterstow Church* (E. E., but with a Norman chancel and nave). It has been well restored by the late *Sir G. G. Scott*.

The road from Bridstow passes Morastone House, and at 4m. arrives at a beautiful wood-crowned bend of the Wye, which is crossed a little farther on at Hoarwithy by an iron bridge. The church at Hoarwithy is worth seeing—modern, built by *Seddon* in Lombardic style, with apses and cloisters. On the opposite bank is the village of King's Caple and the seats of Pennoxstone (Sir E. Cockburn, Bart.) and Aramstone. On the S. side of the bend

is *Sellack*, the church of which, dedicated to St. Telesiachus, has a pretty spire. Close to the village is *Caradoc*, a restored Elizabethan house formerly belonging to Lord Digby.

Between Caradoc and Hoarwithy a road turns L., leading to *Harewood*, 5m., an interesting and beautiful park, until of late years the residence of the Hoskyns family. The church (modern) is also the chapel of the mansion, and has a finely groined roof and much stained glass. It was originally a preceptory of the Knights Templars. Harewood Forest, which formerly extended a good deal further than it does now, is one of sundry Harewoods (= "higher wood"), assigned as the scene of Ethelwold's murder by Edgar, at Elfrida's instigation. This, at all events, was the version given of the affair by the poet Mason, who took the opportunity to glorify the beauties of Harewood.

From Harewood the pedestrian may extend his walk about 6m. to Tram Inn Station, and catch a train for Hereford, or he may cross the Wye at Hoarwithy, and so to Fawley Station on the Ross and Hereford line—or return to Ross by a different road, through (1½m. from Harewood) the village of *Hentland*, traditionally said to have been the site of a college which contained 1,000 students, and was founded by the holy St. Dubricius, first Bishop of Llandaff, A.D. 470. The church has a few E. Norman details. Beyond Hentland is a singular old moated house named *Gillow*. The road leaves Peterstow (p. 58) a little to L., and joins the former road at Wilton.

Quitting the station at Ross, the line runs over some flat ground, known as the Abbot's Meadows, leaving to R. *Brampton Abbots*, fine old church, and then crosses the Wye for the first time at Backney Bridge. The river here makes a long curve (R.), under steep woods, of over 4m., while the line crosses the neck in one. The second crossing shows the Wye curving on L. with a broader sweep, but not quite so long as the first. The railway soon enters the red sandstone cutting, in which is situated 4½m. **FAWLEY STATION**. Within the first or easterly curve, R. of railway, is the (2½m.) village of *Foy* (the church of

which has a good rood-screen), and on the high ground above it (on L. bank of river) are *Perrystone* and the Chantry. A little north is a good church (Dec. and Perp.) at *How Caple*. On L. of the railway are *Sellack* and *Caradoc* (p. 54).

In what may be called the Fawley curve (on L. of railway) are the village of *King's Caple* and the seats of Pennoxstone and Aramstone. Hoarwithy Church (bridge) is on the opposite side of the Wye.

On R. of the station is *Fawley Chapel* and Court, the latter an interesting Elizabethan farmhouse, once the residence of Sir John Kyrle. 2m. beyond is *Brockhampton* (Sir B. Leighton, Bart.). In the churchyard here, which has some fine yews, are the remains of a preaching-cross, a few steps and a portion of an octagonal monolith.

Immediately on quitting Fawley Station there is a tunnel and a third crossing of the river, the curve of which is, on R., surrounded by the high grounds of Carey Wood on the L. bank, and Ballingham Hill on R. Thence the line tunnels for 1,280 yards through Ballingham Hill, and reaches

6½m. **HOLM LACY STATION.** The country on either side the railway abounds in objects of interest, and although they are within an excursion from Hereford, several miles are saved by starting from Holm Lacy. Not far from the station is *Holm House*, the fine seat of the Earl of Chesterfield. (*The gardens are thrown open two or three times each summer to visitors, the dates being usually advertised.*) The De Lacys held this estate in the time of the Conqueror, a descendant of this family marrying a son of Sir Peter Scudamore of Wiltshire. On settling at Holm Lacy the Scudamores were created viscounts, and became celebrated for their literary tastes, and the patronage that they bestowed on the poets of the day, particularly Spenser and Pope. In 1820 the property came into the hands of Sir E. Scudamore-Stanhope, who became Earl of Chesterfield. The mansion is a somewhat heavy building of the date of the commencement of the last century, in the shape of the letter H, with fine northern and eastern fronts of 200 ft. in length, while the southern front is rather less. The terrace is 700 ft. in length, and the entrance-gallery leading to the staircase is 90 ft. The principal apartments are very fine, and contain some wood-carvings by Grinling Gibbons, with paint-

ings by Vandyke, Sir Peter Lely, and other good masters. The grounds are laid out in an old-fashioned style, separated by very thick yew hedges, and intersected by a long terrace of 800 ft. On the other side of the railway is the *Holm Lacy Church*, of Norman date. It contains several Scudamore monuments, and amongst them one to the grandmother of the last viscount, who married the Duke of Norfolk. The parsonage is celebrated for its prolific pear-tree, which is said to produce from 14 to 18 hogsheads of perry of 100 gallons each. It may be mentioned that one of the Viscounts Scudamore was a learned horticulturist, and did a great deal for Herefordshire by introducing the red-streaked apple into the county.

Excursions :

- (a) It is a very interesting walk from *Holm Lacy Station*, through the wooded ridges at the back of the mansion, to the summit of *Acornbury* and *Dinedor Hills*, and so by the Ross road to Hereford. It is between 2 and 3m. to the spot where that road is intercepted, and another $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. to *Acornbury Camp*, a conspicuous camp crowning the high grounds that overlook the valley of the Wormbrook and the line of the Hereford, Abergavenny, and Newport section of the G.W.R. The summit is unfortunately grown over with trees, which make it as difficult to see the view as to trace the outlines of Caractacus' camp. The church, which is much nearer to the Ross road, was once built as a priory of the order of St. Augustine by one of the De Lacys, but has met with a good deal of bad treatment. The details are very mixed, and it is said that a splendid carved roof was taken away for building purposes. There are several inscribed stones, two of which are to Norman-French monks. Rather more than 1m. from Acornbury Church (towards Ross) is *Little Dewchurch*. From Acornbury the road descends $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. between Ridge Hill and *Dinedor Hill*, a very favourite excursion with the citizens of Hereford. The summit is crowned by a Roman camp, believed to have been occupied by Ostorius, while watching his enemy on Acornbury. The view is wonderfully fine, and embraces Hereford Cathedral, and a very long stretch of the

Wye, both above and below the city. The tourist has the towers and spires of Hereford before him in exquisite array as he descends the hill through the oak avenue of *Green Crise*, formerly planted by one of the Bodenhams of Rotherwas, in 1715, as a memorial of the Stuarts. The park and old-fashioned brick mansion of Rotherwas are immediately on the opposite bank of the Wye. James I. did the then proprietor the honour of staying with him during a royal progress; and the house contains several traces of old domestic architecture. *Bullingham*, the last village passed before reaching Hereford, has a large R. C. establishment for nuns. The road then enters the suburban parish of St. Martin and Blackmarston, and crosses the bridge to the city.

- (b) An exceedingly interesting district lies on the L. bank of the river, opposite the high ground which we have just explored—although the interest appertains more to the scientific and geological student than to the ordinary sight-seer. But the neighbourhood is so full of beauty that the pedestrian to the *Woolhope Valley of Elevation* will scarcely regret a day spent in its lanes and valleys. From Hereford to the village of Mordiford, which is the N.W. entrance into the district, is 4m.; and from Holm Lacy Station across the bridge at Evenpit to join the Gloucester road is about 1m. Turn to R. at the base of Limestone Ridge to the village of (1½m.) *Fownhope*, commanding a lovely view of the Wye Valley and of the opposite wooded hills. The church (Norman) has a timber spire, and a tympanum with a Virgin and Child. The interior is renowned for a needlework replica of Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' executed by a former vicar's wife. On the S. side of the tower is the Chandos Chapel. Near the village is Fownhope Court (seat of the Lechmeres). A little to the S. of Fownhope, rising sharply over the river, is *Caplar Camp*, from which came a good deal of the stone used in the erection of the cathedral, and 2½m. to the E. the village of *Sollershope*, which may be called the southern gate of the valley. Hence turn to the N. for 2½m. to *Woolhope*, which is

a primitive little village, but which, for all that, forms part of a most classic ground in the realms of geology—the district in which some of the knottiest points in the whole Silurian system were worked out by Sir Roderick Murchison* and his contemporaries, Sir A. Ramsey, Mr. Salter, the Rev. W. S. Symonds, and, not last nor least, that highly-trained body of men, the Woolhope Field Club, to whom the natural history of Herefordshire and the West of England is so indebted. It is with a vivid remembrance of pleasant intercourse and kindly acquaintance that the writer of these lines recalls a many years' membership of this well-known society and its working field-days. About 1½m. N.E. from Woolhope, on the eastern slope of the Green Hill, is *The Wonder*, in the parish of Marcle, where in 1575 a landslip took place which has ever since furnished matter for county history and awful occurrences. It happened in the 13th year of Queen Elizabeth, and was not so much an earthquake as a moving mountain, accompanied by a vast noise. It left some huge fissures; "and passing along, it overthrew a chapel in its way, removed a yew-tree planted in the churchyard; with the like force it thrust before it highways, sheepfolds, hedges, and trees, made tilled ground pasture, and again turned pasture into tillage. Having walked in this sort from Saturday evening to Monday noon, it then stood still." About ½m. to N. is *Cockshott*, whence there is a magnificent view, Hereford and Gloucester being both visible, with the whole course of the Wye for a long way.

The Woodhope Valley of Elevation, an isolated upthrow of Silurian rocks from the Great Red Sandstone of Herefordshire, is of a pear-shaped size, about 4 to 5m. in the long direction, and 4m. across. It might perhaps be likened better to a cut onion in one sense, with the edges of the adjacent geological layers exposed to view, and the interior being formed of a dome of Upper Llandovery rock (what used to be called Caradoc), at Haugh Wood, although there are no very good exposures there. The succeeding beds (going uppermost) are Wool-

hope Limestone, and Wenlock Limestone and Shales, and from their prominence and their symmetrical development they offer many capabilities of study. Good sections may be met with near Woolhope Church and Broadmoor Common; also very profusely near Dormington on the N. (nearly 2m. from Stoke Edith Station); Limekiln Bank, near Fownhope; Scatterdine Quarries, 1m. from Mordiford. These are the great 'centres,' but almost every lane and hillside will furnish some material for reflection. The upper series, such as the Upper and Lower Ludlow, and the Aymestry rocks, are very thin, compared with what they are in more typical districts. They are to be studied well in the rocks at the back of Stoke Park, Adam's Rocks, and Backbury Camp. While typical fossils may be obtained in plenty at different places, it may be mentioned that Dormington Wood is the great treasure-house of corals, and that very fine trilobites are to be met with near Woodhope (see p. 103). From Backbury Camp, keep on the hill above Sufton Court, the seat of the Hereford family, which has held it for six centuries on condition of presenting the sovereign with a pair of gilt spurs whenever riding over Mordiford Bridge. At the bottom of the hill is (4m. from Hereford) *Mordiford*, prettily situated at the junction of the Lugg and the Frome with the Wye. Mordiford is celebrated for the legend of a dragon with pestiferous breath, which created great ravages, and was at last killed by a malefactor, who met his death in the encounter. The portrait of the beast was long hung up in the church. The latter has a Norman S. doorway, and the effigy of Margaret Vaughan of Courtfield, 1655, "who died at her prayeres in y^e forme as ye see her portraiture." 1m. further on is *Hampton Bishop*, where the road again approaches the Wye.

From Holm Lacy it does not take long to complete the journey, a junction being formed, just before crossing the river, with the Hereford, Abergavenny, and Newport sections.

12½m. **HEREFORD (BARR'S COURT) STATION** (junction with lines to Shrewsbury, Worcester, and Newport).

ROUTE IV.—HEREFORD TO PONTRILAS.

HEREFORD STATIONS. BARR'S COURT for *Shrewsbury, Worcester, Gloucester, Abergavenny, and Newport. Refreshment-rooms.* BARTON for *Hay, Three Cocks, Brecon, Mid-Wales.* Pop. 20,267. Hotels: *Mitre, Green Dragon, City Arms, Temperance.* Distances: London, 144m.; Gloucester, 30m.; Ross, 12½m.; Shrewsbury, 51m.; Malvern, 21m.; Leominster, 12½m.; Pontrilas, 11½m. Abergavenny, 23m.; Kilpeck, 8½m.; Hay, 20m.; Brecon, 38m.; Three Cocks, 25m.; Credenhill, 4½m.; Woolhope, 8m.; Holm Lacy, 6m.; Dinedor Hill, 4m.; Acornbury Hill, 5m. The tourist will expect to find that the city, which during the last day's excursion over the hills has been so much in view, has an ancient lineage and a somewhat stirring history, as being the largest place that we have yet seen on the Marches. In its very earliest days *Magna Castra* (p. 8) was the British *Caerffawydd* = the "Place of Beeches." Changing the C to H gives *Hærrffawyd*, but *Henfford* = "old ford," is more likely, and *Heraford* = "army ford," nearly as good; while "higher ford" has claims. Naturally the city afforded an admirable target for Welsh mountaineers, and even Danes, who came up the Severn and the valley of the Wye. But the government was fortunately in the hands of *Ethelfleda*, sister of Edward the Elder, who gave good account of her prisoners, and constructed the Hereford castle, which, according to *Leland*, was one of the strongest and largest in England, while the city was fortified otherwise by six bars of gates. In the next century *Llewelyn* the Welsh king attacked the city, burnt the cathedral, and murdered the bishop and canons; but afterwards *Harold* very much strengthened the defences. In 1329 Edward II. was deposed, and his favourite, *Hugh de Spencer*, hanged by order of Queen *Isabella*. In the time of the *Roses*, the celebrated battle of *Mortimer's Cross* (about 10m. from Hereford) was fought in 1461, when the *Lancastrians* under *Tudor*, Earl of *Pembroke*, were defeated by the Duke of *York*, afterwards Edward IV. During the *Parliamentary* war the city was besieged three times by *Sir William Waller* and the Earl of *Leven*, and in these matters *Holm Lacy* was very conspicuous on the *Royalist* side.

The visitor for the first time to Hereford will not be long

in coming to the conclusion that it is a very well-to-do, well-cared-for city, and although it scarcely lays claim to the position of a manufacturing town, there is a strong element of active business running through it. Agriculture is of course its keynote; for, from its position in the centre of a great plain, it is a very important market, particularly famous for its cattle breed, wood, timber, and fruit, particularly apples, the production of cider being on a very large scale. The city has a mingled aspect of modern-day business with the old-fashioned comfort and respectability of the cathedral close and the assize town; and even when the tourist has exhausted the principal lions, there are plenty of byways in which to gather interest.

Facile princeps, of course, is the venerable *cathedral*, which, while almost in the centre of the city, is sufficiently secluded in its beautiful close to be "far from the madding crowd." The close is entered by two main entrances, one from Broad Street, hard by the W. window, the other at the opposite end from Castle Street, the whole of the building being situated on the S. side, between the path and the river-bank. Hereford shares with most other cathedrals the haziness and mystery of its earliest architectural history, and it is scarcely to be wondered at, when we remember what a long line of bishops has sat here since the 6th century, and that King Ethelbert, who was murdered by the Saxon Offa, was buried here soon after his death. This event was the commencement of the long course of prosperity which entitled the King of Mercia to build a church more befitting its saint; and that cathedral survived for two centuries. The one after this was destroyed by the Welsh, and a third was begun by Bishop Robert of Lorraine, 1079, and steadily continued under successive bishops, until the finishing touch was given by Bishop Booth in 1520 in the N. porch. A long cessation of building operations now took place, until the cathedral fell into such bad repair that it was felt that a great effort must be made to save it. A restoration on an extensive scale was made in Dean Merewether's time, ending 1849, and another under Dean Dawes, 1856-63; a third was proposed as a supplementary restoration to mark her Majesty's Jubilee year, dealing principally with the W. end and central tower.

The cathedral is usually entered at the N.W., through

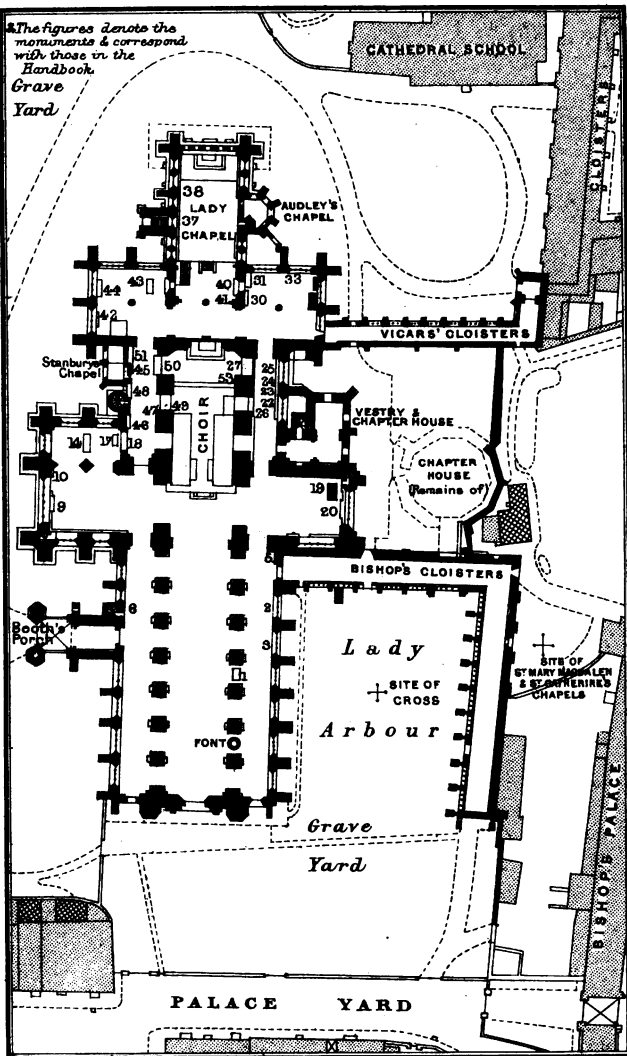
the beautiful parvise porch of Bishop Booth, 1520, the details of the outer aisle being Perp., and of the inner E.E. The ironwork about the doors is particularly worth notice. The following are the dimensions of the church, into which the visitor is admitted :

	ft.
Total length - - - - -	327½
Length of nave - - - - -	158½
„ choir - - - - -	75½
„ Lady Chapel - - - - -	93½
Breadth of nave and aisle - - - - -	71½
„ central transepts - - - - -	126
Height of nave - - - - -	64
„ choir - - - - -	62
„ tower to leads - - - - -	165

Hereford has a smaller area than either of the other two sister cathedrals, being only 26,850 ft. The *nave*, which is separated from the aisles by eight splendid and massive Norman piers, the carving of the capitals of which is interesting, has somewhat fallen a victim to previous restorations at the hand of *Wyatt*, after the fall of the central tower and W. end, in which he robbed the nave of a whole bay. Later on, in 1850, *Cottingham* added new corbels and coloured the roof in unmistakably bad taste. Over each pier arch there are two triforium arches (E. E.), divided by slender pillars, but there is no triforium passage. In the *S. aisle* is the font (12th century), semi-circular, and the exterior is in twelve compartments, each containing the mutilated figure of an Apostle. The whole is guarded by a mosaic platform. The monuments in this aisle are as follows ; (1) Sir R. Pembridge, 1375, in plate and mail armour, and with his greyhound. The garter is on the effigy—a very unusual circumstance. (2) Effigy of ecclesiastic unknown, head gone. He is thought to have been a former treasurer. (3) Another ecclesiastic, head mutilated. (4) Colours of 36th (Herefordshire) Regiment, and brass to those who died on Indian service. (5) Brass to R. Phelps, once mayor of the city. A very quaint door leads from the aisle to the Bishop's Cloister, and the heads on the lintels are all worth study. They are said to be copies after originals. (6, 7) The *N. aisle* contains six memorial windows, by *Warrington*, to Canon Clutton—sub-

HEREFORD CATHEDRAL

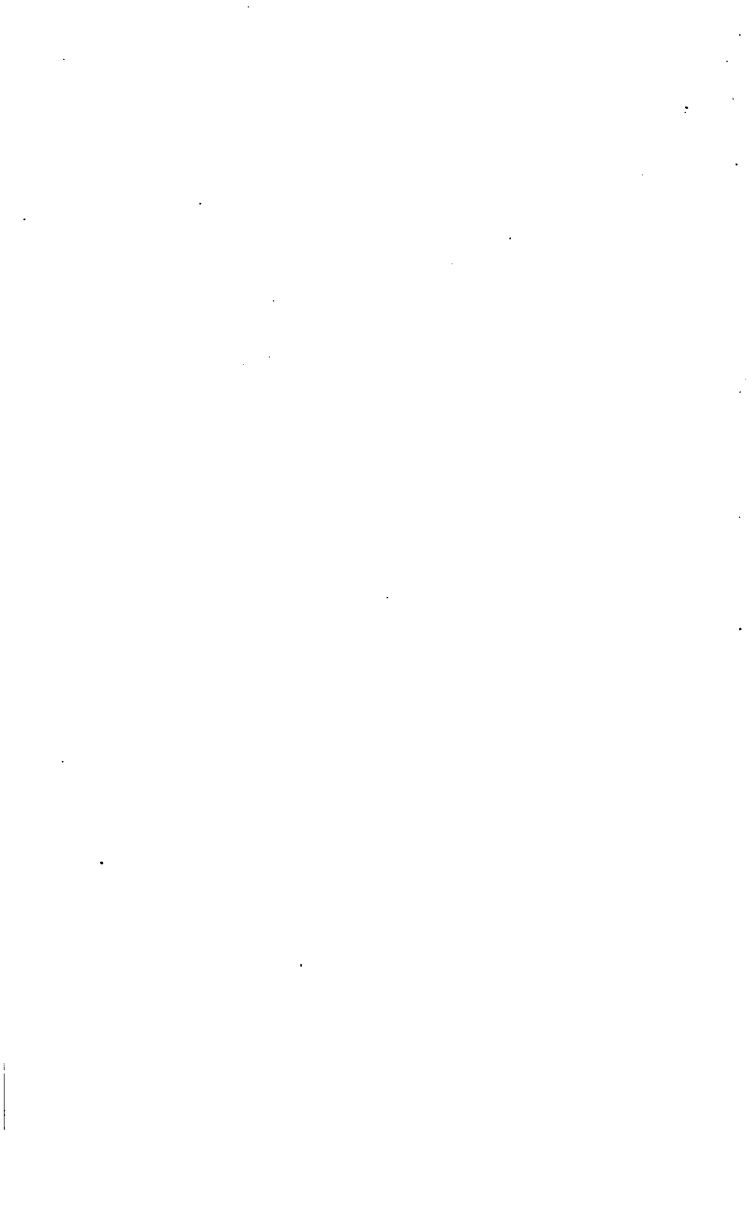
The figures denote the monuments & correspond with those in the Handbook
Grave Yard



0 20 40 60 80 100
SCALE OF FEET

Stanford's Geog. Estab.

London: Edward Stanford, 26 & 27 Cockspur St., Charing Cross, S.W.



jects in the life of John the Baptist; and memorial to Bishop Booth, the builder of the porch, 1516-1535. The ironwork and pastoral staff should be noticed. The N. transept, or St. Catherine's aisle, brings us into some of the most interesting parts of the cathedral. Much of it was built in the 13th century by Bishops Aquablanca and Swinfield; while the later restoration associates it with the late *Sir G. G. Scott*. The most salient point is (8) the great N. stained-glass window by *Hardman*, and believed to be the finest and largest geometric window in the kingdom. It is a memorial to Archdeacon Lane-Freer, d. 1863, and with its varied tints of ruby and Canterbury blue presents a gorgeous appearance under certain lights. The window consists of two special subjects, viz., the Church Militant and the Church Triumphant, in thirty-two separate sections, the height of the stained glass being $48\frac{1}{2}$ ft., and the breadth $21\frac{1}{2}$ ft. The N. transept has an eastern aisle separated by two pointed arches and a monument; and in each bay above the arches is a blocked arcade of two pointed arches, each divided into three. There are some most interesting monuments in the transept, in addition to the Freer window. Underneath it is (9) effigy of Bishop Westfayling, 1601 (see traces of this family in Ross, p. 49); (10) Bishop Charlton, Treasurer of England, 1329. Notice the exquisitely graceful little windows in the W. wall of the aisle. Here, too, are stained-glass windows to (11) Captain Arkwright, lost in an avalanche; (12) Captain Kempson, and (13) Rev. S. Clark, Principal of Battersea College. The principal object is, of course, (14) the shrine of St. Bishop Thomas de Cantilupe, 1282, who died near Florence, but his body was brought to England. In 1320 he was canonized, and wonderful cures were effected at his shrine. In the lower stage are fourteen small military figures, but those in the upper stage have disappeared. (15) Brass to Dean Frowcester, 1529; and (16) to Richard Delamare and wife, 15th century; (17) Bishop Field, 1636; (18) Bishop de Aquablanca, 1268, a most interesting example of minute ecclesiastic costume, which once glowed with colour. In the N. transept is a doorway leading to the tower.

Having examined the transept and aisle, let us cross over to the opposite or S. transept, halting midway at the *Skidmore Screen*. This is a splendid work of art,

celebrated far and wide for the softness of its colouring and intricacy of pattern. It was designed by the late Sir G. G. Scott, and made at the Skidmore art works, at Coventry. It consists of an arcade of five arches, the central being the loftiest and most conspicuous, from its splendid jewelled cross. The materials, which are in immense profusion, are iron, copper, brass, wood, mosaic, and gems; and the passion-flower is very prominent. The cost of the whole was 8,000*l*. All the gas lighting was carried out by the same house, and the great central corona is well worth seeing when lighted. The *tower* is usually supposed to have been built by Bishop Braose, who d. 1216, but Sir G. Scott considered it more probable that, after the earlier Norman tower failed, this bishop built another, though not the existing one. At any rate, it seems to have always been a weak point in the cathedral, and it fell into such a dangerous condition that in 1848 it was put into *Cottingham's* hands, and it was owing to his operations that the beautiful lantern, with its fifty-six shafts, has been thrown open to view. Notwithstanding this costly work, the tower remained in need of recasing and other restoration, and it was proposed to include this as part of the Jubilee work. The S. transept is also full of the greatest possible interest, as containing several disputed architectural and archæological points, opinions being divided as to whether it is not the oldest portion existing. At any rate, this transept seems to have been the happy hunting-ground of successive races of builders, who have left the side-walls in admired confusion. Of the later constructors, Bishop Trevenant, 1400, seems to have done the most, and Bishop Spofford's Perp. work is visible in the windows and groining. In both W. and E. walls is a superb Norman moulded double arch, and on the N. wall the groining runs down in the most incongruous manner between the moulding of a blocked Norman window. The E. wall is in the best preservation, and, with the exception of the groining, there is no interference with the Norman work. It consists of three stages, in the middle one of which is a good triforium passage of very short Norman arches. Above these is a blocked arcade; and in the upper stage is another Norman arched triforium passage. (19) There is an interesting monument of Alex. Denton, 1576, together with wife, and a child in swaddling clothes. This monument has considerable traces of colour.

(20) Bishop Trevenant, 1404, the builder of the transept, but unfortunately headless. (21) Brass to T. Smith, organist, 1877. The visitor should notice the remains of the old fireplace and the beautiful side view of the lantern arches before leaving the transept. What corresponds to the E. aisle of the S. transept is shut off as a *robing room*, and is entered under the bellows of the organ. It has curiosities of great interest, such as copies of the Scriptures, rings, chalices, etc. The *organ*, under the huge bellows of which the visitor now passes in the *S. choir aisle*, contains work by Renatus Harris. It was the gift of Charles II., and was very nearly destroyed by the fall of the central tower. It has twice been enlarged since, once by Gray and Davidson, and lastly by Willis. It has sixteen great organ stops, eleven swell, seven choir, seven solo, eight pedals; with 2,672 pipes. A great feature in Willis's improvements is the tubular pneumatic action, which does away with trackers and other troublesome internals. Sir F. Gore Ouseley having been precentor of the cathedral, it goes without saying that he made everything about the organ as nearly perfect as possible, and, for the matter of that, no lover of music should omit to hear the *unaccompanied* service usually held on Friday morning. On the S. wall of the aisle are effigies of four bishops, viz. (22-25) R. de Melun, 1167; Robt. de Bethune, 1148 (the last Norman builder); (26) R. Folliot, 1176, and W. de Vere, 1199. On the N. wall is the tomb of Bishop de Lorraine or Lozing, 1095, who undertook the early reconstruction of the cathedral, and was responsible for the exquisite W. front so unfortunately destroyed. Notice the large size of the ball-flower and the fine carved woodwork on the tombs. (27) Beautiful effigy and brass to Bishop Mayo, of Magdalen College, 1516. (28) Old stained-glass windows, the figures restored by *Warrington*. (29) The celebrated *Mappa Mundi* of the date of the end of the 13th century, executed by an ecclesiastic calling himself De Haldingham. "It is believed to be one of the very oldest maps in the world, if not the oldest, and it is full of the deepest interest. It is founded on the cosmographical treatises of the time, which generally commence by stating that Augustus Cæsar sent out three philosophers, Nichodoxus, Theodotus, and Policlitus, to measure and survey the world, and that all geographical knowledge was the result. In the left-hand corner of the map the

Emperor is delivering to the philosophers written orders, confirmed by a handsome mediæval seal. The world is here represented as round, surrounded by the ocean. At the top of the map is represented Paradise, with its rivers and trees; also the eating of the forbidden fruit and the expulsion of our first parents. Above is a remarkable representation of the Day of Judgment, with the Virgin Mary interceding for the faithful, who are seen rising from their graves and being led within the walls of heaven. The map is chiefly filled with ideas taken from Herodotus, Solinus, Isodore, Pliny, and other ancient historians. There are numerous figures of towns, animals, birds, and fish, with grotesque customs, such as the mediæval geographers believed to exist in different parts of the world. The four great cities are made very prominent. Jerusalem as the centre of the world; Babylon with its famous tower; Rome, the capital of the world, bearing the inscription 'Roma, caput mundi, tenet orbis frena rotundi;' and Troy as 'civitas bellicosissima.' In Great Britain most of the cathedrals are mentioned; but of Ireland the author seems to have known very little. Amongst the many points of interest are the columns of Hercules, the Labyrinth of Crete, the pyramids in Egypt, the house of bondage, the journeys of the Children of Israel, the Red Sea, Mount Sinai, with a figure of Moses and his supposed place of burial, the Phœnician Jews worshipping the molten image, Lot's wife, Scythian cannibals," etc.—(*Havergal*.) Those who feel sufficiently interested in this singular production will be glad to know that a facsimile is to be obtained, with explanatory volume, the latter by the Rev. Prebendary Havergal and the Rev. Canon Bevan. The *S.E. transept*, lying between the retro-choir and the chapter-house, into which it opens, has many oddments in the shape of bits of brasses, stone, lead, and mouldings. It is of late Dec. date, and has an E. aisle, separated from it by a single octagonal pillar. Notice the unique open window looking into the Lady Chapel. This was once the outside wall of the chapel, and had glass in it, but when the later builder added the aisles, naturally the original purpose ceased. The slanting view into the Lady Chapel is exquisite. The monuments in this transept are (80) Bishop de Charleton, 1869; (81) fine monument (restored 1875) to Bishop Coke, 1646, brother to Sir John Coke (Secretary of State to Charles I.). His coloured shield is borne by two

angels. (82) Brass to Bishop Ironside, 1701; (83) a bust taken by various critics to be Hogarth, Cowper, Roubilliac, and Garrick. The claimant to these facial honours was, however, only a plain Hereford citizen. (84) Brass to Sir R. Delabere, 1514, whose two wives produced him twenty-one children; (85) stained window to Bishop Huntingford, by *Warrington*—subjects relating to St. Peter; (86) old effigy of St. John the Baptist.

We now enter the *Lady Chapel*, the beautiful E. E. work of which was twice under the restorer's hands, viz., *Cottingham*, who rebuilt the eastern end and roof, and *Sir G. G. Scott*, who built the porch and Audley Chapel. It is very rich in stained glass, the five eastern windows being by *Hardman* to Dean Merewether, who did so much for the restoration. All the subjects (in 21 lights) are from the life of our Saviour. At the side are eight windows, by *Gibbs*, to Canon Morgan, the whole set giving an exquisitely subdued appearance to the chapel.

The monumental remains in the Lady Chapel are not numerous, but of great beauty and interest, especially (87) that of Peter Baron de Grandisson, 1358. The effigy, which lies under a fine canopy, is in full armour and covered (a very rare example) by a cyclas, a close linen shirt worn over the armour in Edward III.'s reign. In the side compartments are mutilated figures of saints and kings. (88) The tomb of Joanna de Bohun, Countess of Hereford, 1327, retains a good deal of its colour; (89) brass to Dean Merewether, 1850; (40) effigy of a dean, which Mr. Matthew Bloxam attributed to the 14th century; (41) effigy of a priest, supposed to be Canon de la Barr, 1386. On the S. side of the wall are two piscinæ under elegant arches, and a little further down is the *Audley Chantry*—a beautiful little chapel built by Bishop Audley, 1502, with an upper chamber, in which he was wont to pay his devotions at the shrine of St. Thomas. Notice the groined roof and stained glass of the lower chamber, which is shut off by a screen. The Lady Chapel was used for very many years as a library, and subsequently (1862) as the church of the parish of St. John the Baptist, which surrounds the cathedral, and claimed to hold its service in some part of it. The *crypt* is entered from the Lady Chapel. It is in the form of nave and aisles, and contains a good many fragmentary remains. At the back of the reredos is a brass to Mr. Bailey, M.P.

for the county, whose bust formerly stood here, but was removed to a more fitting position in the county hall.

The *N.E. transept* dates from the end of the 13th century, having been built by Bishop Swinfield; but it appears probable that a transept existed before the work of Bishop de Vere, and that this was remarkable for the extreme beauty of its colouring. There are a good many fragmentary brasses and effigies of various renowned persons. (42) Bishop Swinfield, though without effigy. Probably, taking it altogether, he may be said to have been the most profuse of the cathedral builders; (43) the altar-tomb of Dean Dawes, 1867, one of the most active of the modern restorers, is very beautiful. It is by *Sir G. G. Scott*, with effigy by *Noble*. (44) Altar-tomb of an unknown bishop, believed to be Bishop Godwen, 1638. There is also an old stained window restored by *Warrington*, with figures of SS. Catherine, Gregory, Michael, Thomas; also a modern one, by *Heaton*, to Rev. J. Goss. In the *N. choir aisle* is an exquisite little chapel known as *Bishop Stanbury's Chantry*, 1470, with a fan roof and walls panelled with heraldic bearings. The stained windows, which form an interesting collection of arms and legends, are *in memoriam* to Archbishop Musgrave, once Bishop of Hereford, to whom there is also another window by *Warrington*. The other monuments in this aisle are (45) Bishop Raynaldus, 1115, one of the chief of the Norman builders of Hereford; (46) Bishop de Mape-nore, 1219; (47) Bishop Bennett, 1617; (48) Bishop Geoffrey de Cliva; (49) Bishop de Braose, 1216, erroneously thought to have been the builder of the tower that fell; (50) Bishop Stanbury, Provost of Eton and builder of the chantry, 1474—a fine alabaster effigy, with accompanying figures; (51) Bishop de Capella, 1127; (52) brass to Bishop Trilleck, 1360.

The *choir* with its details of architecture and its individual accessories is very beautiful. It consists of three lofty Norman bays of three stages. The middle one has some exquisite dwarfed Norman arches with no triforium passages; but there is one in the upper stage, which has elegant and slender E. E. arches, and stained glass at back. The effect is good of the single pillar dividing the arch from the Lady Chapel, and in the upper stage above the windows is a series of three stained lights. The E. end of the choir was rebuilt by *Cottingham* externally; but internally after the original design. The principal

attractions here are two : (53) the effigy of King Ethelbert, whose murder by King Offa may be said to have been the first cause of the existence of the cathedral, and certainly of its greatness and prosperity ; opposite the throne, a slab of marble from designs by *Scott*, executants *Farmer* and *Brindley*, marks the spot, as far as it is known, where he was buried. The *reredos* is a very fine piece of work, in memory of Mr. Joseph Bailey, 1850, who represented the county for several years. The sculptor was *Boulton*, and the subject is our Lord's Passion in seven deep panels wrought in marble and Caen stone. The spandril above the *reredos* is also beautifully carved. In addition to the bishop's throne, which is of the date of the 14th century, there is a very old bishop's chair (12th century), concerning which there is a tradition that King Stephen sat in it when he visited Hereford.

Having explored the interior of the cathedral, as far as it is usually shown to the public, the external buildings demand attention, though they are on a much smaller scale than in most cathedrals in England. It is to be hoped, however, that eventually the progress of restoration may find its way to the chapter-house and cloister. The *Bishop's cloisters* lie to the S. of the S. aisle. The western side was destroyed many years ago, but the others have been partially restored, particularly as to the roof and the more substantial parts of the structure. It is entered from the S. aisle by a quaint door (p. 62). The *chapter-house*, the site of which is between the Bishop's cloister and the Vicars' cloister, must have been a splendid building when in existence. From the small bit that is left, it was evidently a decagon, supported by a central column, and its forty-five panels were filled with richly-painted figures. Both cloisters and chapter-yard are used for sepulchral purposes, amongst the monuments being those of Bishop Huntingford, 1832, Bishop Grey, 1837, Dr. Clarke Whitfield, once organist, and the Hon. Mrs. Herbert. Attached to the cathedral is a residence for vicars-choral, called the college, of the date of the 15th century, and an excellent cathedral grammar-school. Before finally quitting the precincts, the visitor should look at the Western exterior, a very poor substitute for Bishop Lozing's exquisite arcades and tracery. This, of course, all came to an end in 1786, when the western tower, credited to Bishop Braose, fell, crushing all below it.

The Hereford churches number some four or five, and have the pleasant architectural feature of being placed at the junction or termination of streets, so that the view through each main street has generally the accompaniment of a church. The largest is that of *All Saints*, at the end of Broad Street, consisting of nave, chancel, and aisles, with a pretty spire. In the interior are several interesting details, such as circular piers separating the nave from aisles, carved timber roof, and stalls with grotesque carvings of men and animals. These are supposed to have been made by brethren of the Hospital of St. Anthony at Vienna, to whom Henry III. gave this church, and placed a small colony of them here. *St. Peters*, in a capital situation close to the Shire Hall, was founded soon after the Conquest by Walter de Lacy, who himself was killed by a fall while inspecting the works. Here, too, are some stalls, prettily carved with fretwork, which formerly belonged to the brothers of St. Guthlac's Priory. *St. Peters* has a conspicuous spire 160 ft. in height. *St. Nicholas*, near Bridge Street, has a singularity in its chancel, which appears to fall both ways, the N. and S. walls being of diverging opinions, and both falling outwards. The *Shire Hall* is a rather fine building, from designs by *Smirke*, and with a large-scale bronze statue in front, of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Bart., by *Marochetti*. He was M.P. for the city 1847-52, and filled several of the highest offices in the Cabinet. The architecture of the Shire Hall is Doric, and the interior is amply fitted for assizes, quarter sessions, and other county work, as also for the philharmonic concerts, and those given at the triennial musical festival. There are paintings of George III., by *Davis*, of the Duke of Norfolk (of Holm Lacy), by *Lonsdale*, and Sir J. Cotterell, M.P., by *Pickersgill*; also a bust to Mr. J. Bailey, M.P., by *Thomas*, which was removed here from the cathedral. The *Castle Green*, which contains all that is left of the once extensive fortress, is a very pleasantly laid out garden between Castle Street and the river. The Castle Pool—a remnant of the old moat—makes a pretty accessory to the scene, and round the green runs a double line of walks shaded with fine elms, and enjoying some charming views over the distant country. The Nelson column was erected in 1807. In the adjoining Castle Street is a quaint old building known as *St. Ethelbert's Hospital*, founded 1280 by the dean and

chapter for decayed gentlewomen. *St. Giles' Hospital*, outside the city on the Ledbury side, was founded for poor men in 1290, and has a tympanum with the archangel Michael trampling down Satan. The most interesting of these ancient institutions is in the Widemarsh district on the outskirts of the city, viz., the *Red Coat* or *Coningsby's Hospital*, founded 1617 by Sir T. Coningsby, on the site of a suppressed preceptory of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. From the nature of the rules and the position of the inmates, it has all the character of a military hospital, the president being termed "Commander," and the acting head "Corporal Coningsby." The buildings include a chapel, hall, and other rooms, in the form of a quadrangle. In the adjoining garden are the very picturesque remains of the *Black Friars' Monastery*, founded 1276 by Lord Cantilupe, brother of the saintly bishop. In its day it was of great repute and had a fine church, long since disappeared; but there still remain parts of the refectory walls and windows, and also a hexagonal preaching cross, with very beautiful Decorated details. It was restored by the late *Sir G. G. Scott*. *St. Guthlac's Priory*, a Benedictine establishment erected 1100, has long had its site occupied by the county gaol. While in the neighbourhood of the Black Friars, the visitor should go and see the *White Cross*, 1m. on the Hay road, a very interesting object, erected by Bishop Charlton to mark the spot where the market was held on a waste piece of ground during the Black Death of 1347. A hexagonal flight of steps is surmounted by a shaft, and on the panels on the side are the arms of the Charltons. A little beyond the cross is a pleasant exhibition of a very different character in the shape of *Messrs. Cranston's Kingsacre* rose gardens, which cover many acres and have a reputation for the best strains of roses, second to few nurseries in the kingdom.

Hereford contains a fair amount of old domestic architecture, though not to anything like the extent of its northern sister Shrewsbury. One of the best examples is the *Butchers' Guildhall*, a most picturesque Elizabethan house at the east end of High Town, which was once a portion of a group called Butcher Row. Inconvenient as it is for the thoroughfare, it well deserved to be allowed to stand as a typical example of extreme interest. The *Guildhall*, which forms a part of the market buildings,

has a good portrait of the late Sir Velters Cornwall by *Gainsborough*. In Broad Street is the *Free Library*, a handsome building, erected principally through the exertions of Mr. Ransome, M.P., whose portrait has been placed there. The Woolhope Club has also its headquarters here.

Having explored the principal curiosities of the city, there is a good choice of walks and excursions in the neighbourhood. Of these some, such as the Woolhope district (p. 57), Holm Lacy (p. 55) Dinedor and Acornbury Hills (p. 56), have already been alluded to.

Excursions :

- (a) *To Belmont* 2m.; crossing the *Wye Bridge* of six arches, built in 1490, after Bishop Capella's wooden bridge had tumbled down. Gwynne Lane, on the river bank L., the birthplace of Nell Gwynne. There is a beautiful view both up and down—up towards the Water Tower, Belmont, and the Black Mountains beyond Hay; down, embracing the cathedral, Bishop's Palace, Castle Green, etc. The district of Black Marston is now entered, so called from its having been burnt and ravaged by Stephen after his visit. The shortest and pleasantest way, however, is to follow the R. bank of the Wye *up* and join the highroad at the hamlet of Hunderton about 1m. further, where it is crossed by the Abergavenny line. 2m. is well-wooded Belmont Park. On the brow of the hill is the R. C. priory and pro-cathedral church of St. Michael and All Angels, built 1856 by Mr. Wegg Prosser, from designs by Pugin, and for beauty of situation and details one of the finest R. C. churches in the kingdom. It is 140 ft. in length, having nave with aisles and clerestory and central tower. There is a profusion of stained glass and a number of chapels, and the whole of the interior has a very glowing, though perhaps too garish, character. In the chantry chapel of the N. transept is buried Bishop Brown, late Bishop of Newport and Menevia. Attached to the church is an extensive Benedictine monastery, with all the necessary buildings for monks and students. It has good libraries and a long cloister decorated

with subjects of the saints. As a rule, only the church is visible. A little higher up than Belmont, on the L. bank of the river, is *Breinton*, the church of which has some plate of the time of Charles I. and good carved work.

- (b) *To Kilpeck Church, Pontrilas, and the Upper Monnow Valley.* The Hereford, Abergavenny, and Newport line, formerly the old West Midland, now forms part of the G. W. R. system and carries a very large traffic from London to South Wales via Worcester. It quits Barr's Court station and soon crosses the Wye in company with the Gloucester section, as far as Rotherwas Junction, thence turning in a bend to R. to Redhill Junction. At this point a line from the Barton station, once the main route but now only used for coal traffic, falls in. 5m. R. stands Allensmore, and there is an old-fashioned house at *Cobhall*, a little farther away.

6m. TRAM INN STATION. The *immediate* neighbourhood, especially on R., is rather uninteresting, it being the valley of the Wormbrook; but some 3 or 4m. on L. the country is very pretty, a series of hills running from Hereford the whole of the distance, such as Acornbury, Orcop, and Saddlebow Hills, etc. 3m. L. underneath them is the village of *Much Dewesall* and the seats of Bryngwyn and the Mynde. 2m. R. of Tram Inn is *Thrupton*, where the antiquary will find an E. E. church and a Keltic tumulus hard by.

8½m. ST. DEVEREUX STATION. On L., about ¼m. on a wooded hill, is *Kilpeck* Church, one of the most perfect and interesting Norman churches in all England, which, with a castle (a very little of which is left), and a Benedictine priory (altogether disappeared), was founded by Hugh Fitzwilliam shortly after the Conquest. The church, which is in excellent condition, having been restored by *Cottingham* in 1848, is a very small building, with an apsidal chancel, a wonderful S. door, and a bell turret at the W. end. Perhaps the most singular detail in the whole is the corbel table under the eaves, which is decorated with no less than seventy-four heads,

human, birds', and beasts', natural and unnatural. Equally curious is the doorway, a cast of which is to be seen at the Crystal Palace. The body of Christ is here symbolized, the sides being occupied by the tree of knowledge, with the devil polluting it and Adam eating thereof; while above is the tree of life with prophets and evangelists. The singularity of it is not only in the wealth of sculpture, but the wealth of emblematic fancy also, a fancy in which Gustave Doré would have revelled. The chancel windows are ornamented with Norman cable mouldings externally, and have stained glass internally—subject, David and a lamb. Kilpeck deserves a very careful study, and the interest will be heightened by its remarkably sequestered situation, a solitary farm being its only neighbour. The castle, or what is left of it, is a little to the W., enclosed by the remains of a moat. It was probably of not much importance, to judge from its size, while its history was a very quiescent one, although it changed hands pretty often.

2m. R. of St. Devereux is *Whitfield*, the seat of the Clive family. If the weather is good, there is a grand view of the Black Mountains over Hay, which lies just under the steepest part of the descent. The railway now keeps alongside the Wormbrook, passing 10m. R. *Wormbridge Church*, and 12m. R. *Kenderchurch Church*, a primitive little fane, perched on the summit of a knoll. The Wormbrook then joins the Dore, and they shortly fall into the Monnow together.

12½m. PONTRILAS STATION (p. 38). *Junction with the Golden Valley Railway. Hotel.* Distances: *Hereford*, 12½m.; *Abergavenny*, 22m.; *Monmouth*, 14½m.; *Grosmont*, 2½m.; *Abbeydore*, 2m.; *Dorstone*, 11m. Pontrilas is a very small hamlet, already of some little importance as a railway-station, and which may not improbably become more so. It is situated in a very picturesque neighbourhood, though, from the nature of the Old Red Sandstone, somewhat sombre. Just before reaching the station is a charcoal factory, the pyroligneous fumes from which permeate the valley.

Pontrilas Court is a very charming and pleasant old-fashioned mansion, which has undergone several mutations of late years. On the Monnow side, nearly 1m. below, is a melancholy-looking house, which was once a roadside inn known as the Monmouth Cap. This is worth alluding to, as recalling the fact that the ancient town of Monmouth was formerly renowned for its cap-makers, who were peculiar thereto, and is spoken of thus in an old ballad, where King Arthur goes masquerading :

“ A sword and buckle, good and strong
To give Jack Lance a rap ;
While on his head, instead of a crown
He wore a Monmouth cap.”

$\frac{1}{2}$ m. to N. are the very scanty remains of *Ewias Harold* Castle, built by Harold, son of Ranulph, a great and successful warrior against the Welsh, and particularly when they besieged Hereford. The geologist may be glad to know that an almost unique Devonian fossil, called *Eurypterus Symondsii*, was discovered in a quarry between Pontrilas and Rowstone, towards Abergavenny.

We shall have at this point to arrange for an excursion within an excursion, by visiting the Golden Valley. Taking into account the essentials of population, towns, industries, and sources of traffic, it would seem to have been an heroic proceeding on the part of those interested to construct a railway through such an unsophisticated valley, especially when the line stopped at Dorstone ; but the ultimate idea was to open a route from the G.W.R. at Pontrilas to Hay on the Midland system, which would make Mid-Wales and the North accessible to a great deal of South Wales traffic. If another extension were made to Monmouth, access might be arranged to both the Severn Bridge and the Severn Tunnel, and great combinations might be made possible.

2m. ABBEYDORE STATION. Close by is the unusually fine church, founded 1120 by the same chief who built Ewias Harold Castle. For a wonder, it appears to have fallen into good hands

even in early ages, for we hear of its being restored as early as 1634 by Lord Scudamore of Holm Lacy (p. 55). A good deal remains of the conventual church, viz., the choir, presbytery, transept, and E. chapel aisle. The nave, which originally had ten bays, has some of the old round pillars; and there is a processional path with very graceful pillars opening into an aisle. A carved oak screen separates the choir from the tower; there are two altartombs of knights in armour, one supposed to be that of the original founder; the walls have frescopaintings, and there are also three piscinæ and two aumbreys.

7m. VOWCHURCH STATION, near which is White House. There is a good church with a lofty spire at

9m. PETERCHURCH STATION. It has Norman details, with an apse and good Norman arches. There is also a curious sculpture of a trout with a gold chain round its neck, said to have been taken in the Dore. The valley now begins to close in and the hills to increase in height as we approach

11m. DORSTONE STATION. There has been a church here from Saxon times. The present one is said to have been built in 1178 as an atonement for the murder of Thomas-à-Becket by Ricardus de Brito. From hence charming walks can be taken on either side—on R. about 2m. over Arthur's Stone, descending to the Wye at Moccas (p. 83); on L. up the dingle, past Dorstone Mill to Cusop Hill, and down the Cusop Valley to Hay, between 7 and 8m. This latter affords splendid opportunities of observing the parallel ranges of the Black Mountains.

13m. WESTBROOK STATION.

16½m. CLIFFORD STATION. See p. 82.

19m. HAY STATION. See p. 84.

From Pontrilas the railway runs alongside the bank of the Monnow, passing L. the little solitary church of Llangua to PANDY STATION, where a marvellously beautiful view suddenly breaks in on R.—a broadish vale narrowing as it gets into the mountains, which on the western side

rise up like a massive wall. Near the station is a snug old-fashioned country house, with the hills of Hatterell ascending behind. This is one of the largest of the Black Mountain valleys, giving birth to the head waters of the Monnow, and the *Esceley Brook*, which is at least a dozen miles in length. In this and the tributary valleys are some remote villages, seldom seen by outsiders; *Oldcastle*, celebrated as the hiding-place of the unfortunate Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, who was persecuted for his belief in Wickliffe's doctrines, and taken to London, where he suffered martyrdom; *Clodock*; *Longtown*, with a few walls of its ancient Marches castle; *Michael Church*, *Esceley*; and *Craswall*, where, in the recesses of the mountains, are the site and the name of its ancient Benedictine abbey. Close to Craswall Church is an old cockpit, a relic of Sabbatical usage. But isolated as these valleys are, their charm is great, and if a tourist add to his resources a knowledge of botany and a trout rod, he will never regret being sent over the hill to Llanthony instead of going round by the road.

The next valley, that of *Ewias*, is reached at LLAN-FIHANGEL CRUCORNEY STATION, where the scenery begins to close in more rapidly. It is difficult to find a more beautiful walk than the 7m. along the rippling Honddu to *Llanthony Abbey*, the ruins of which occupy the very limited space at the bottom of the glen. At (8m.) the isolated village of *Cwmyoy* the hills are much more rugged and broken, and the scenery is altogether of a high order. The whole of this vale is marked out for solitude, and in that respect is not very different now from what it was in the 7th century, when St. David built himself a hermitage. Nearly 500 years later, William, one of Sir Hugh de Lacy's knights, forsook the gay world and turned hermit, and was afterwards joined by Erniscus, chaplain to Henry I.'s queen; and the two commenced the Priory of Llanthony, which was subsequently endowed by De Lacy. From that time Llanthony took its place amongst the recognised ecclesiastical establishments. During its subsequent history it underwent a curious migration to a new Llanthony near Gloucester, the brethren probably thinking that their original church was too unprotected for their personal safety. This, however, was only temporary, Prior Clement in the 12th century being successful in reoccupying the old fold. Nevertheless the

mischievous was done; the monks appeared to have lost their old interest in Ewias Llanthony, and according to some, after Clement's death, the community began to be lax in their morals. It seems uncertain as to what eventually became of them, but, at all events, the priory on the Honddu was gradually dismantled, and was left to ruin. The property, after passing through several hands, came to a son of Savage Landor, the poet.

The architectural style of this beautiful cruciform ruin is that of Trans. Norman. When intact it is stated to have been 257 ft. long, with transepts 96 ft., and to have had a bell-tower 100 ft. high. A portion only of this central tower remains, and it has been greatly shorn of its original dimensions. The W. entrance is through a pointed arch, flanked by two western towers, which are in good preservation as to the three lower stages. The nave has still left eight arches on the N. which separated the aisle; but on the S. side are only four, both aisles having disappeared. The S. transept has a double Norman window on the S. side, and adjoining it is the chapter-house, with a polygonal E. end. The prior's house is of considerable interest to the visitor, as being metamorphosed into a primitive but comfortable little inn. There also remain the hospitium, now a barn, and a portion of the refectory. A great characteristic of the church seems to have been that, while it was really on a small scale, everything was arranged as though on a big one.

Should the pedestrian not wish to return to Llanfihangel, and so by rail to Hereford, he has a charming alternative in walking to Hay, about 11m., crossing the mountain at nearly its highest point. Though Llanthony is a ruin past recovery, the monastic element has not yet deserted the Vale of Ewias, for near the little village of *Capel-y-Ffin*, about 3½m. higher up, is Father Ignatius's *monastery*, where modern ascetic life is strictly carried out.

From *Capel-y-Ffin* it is 8m. to the pass at Bwlch-y-fingel, from which the valley of the Wye is gloriously seen.

ROUTE V.—HEREFORD TO HAY AND THREE COCKS.

The railway by which the tourist travels to Hay belongs to the Midland system (no second-class), and forms a direct route between Birmingham, Hereford, Brecon, and Swansea. At Three Cocks it forms a junction with the Mid-Wales railway, which accompanies the Wye almost to its source. It accommodates a somewhat scattered agricultural population on the N. or L. bank of the river, from which, generally speaking, it keeps some little distance, except when approaching Whitney and Hay. It quits Hereford from Barton station, passing (R.) the village of *Huntington*, and a little further on that of *Stretton Sugwas*. On the L., close to the river, Bishop Cantilupe had a fine palace, the remains of which are incorporated in a farmhouse. Sugwas Pool is said to have remarkably fine trout.

4½m. CREDENHILL STATION. The village is on R. (½m.). The church, which is on the hillside, is of Dec. date, and has some memorial windows to St. Thomas Cantilupe and St. Thomas à Becket.

Near the station is the village of *Kenchester*, and the site of the Roman city of *Magna Castra*, mentioned in the Itinerary of Antonine. It is an irregular hexagon of some 20 acres, the walls of which are still to be made out, particularly as the area is rather above the adjoining ground. Various remains of Roman date have been found from time to time. Kenchester is regarded as the Roman capital of the district. There is a fine earthwork above Credenhill of about 41 acres, and even if the tourist should not be of an archæological turn, the view will amply repay the journey, especially to the N., where the country is charmingly broken and wooded towards Weobley. On the E., Latchet Vallets Wood, with Canon Pyon and Robin Hood's Butts beyond. On the W., *Ladylift*, a very conspicuous hill. On the W. side of Credenhill Hill is the little Norman church of *Brinsop*, which has a memorial window to Wordsworth, who, during a stay in the neighbourhood, planted a cedar-tree at Brinsop Court, once belonging to the Dansey family, and now a farmhouse. Further on is *Mansell Lacy*, the schoolroom of which was the old house of the Berrington family. Leaving Creden-

hill, the railway passes, 6m. on L., *Bishopstone*, the church of which (E. E.) was restored in 1854 by Archdeacon Lane Freer. It is cruciform, and has monuments of the Berrington family. The organ once belonged to Eton. About 1m. S., close to the river, which here makes considerable turns, is *Bridge Sollers*, the church of which is Dec. Close by is a good exposure of Offa's Dyke, running north into Radnorshire. Both at Bridge Sollers and *Byford* is there a ferry to Tibberton and Madley (p. 83). Byford has a good church (restored 1883). It is E. E. and Dec., and has chancel, nave, S. transept, S. chapel, and embattled tower. Overlooking the river and commanding splendid views is *Garnons*, the seat of Sir G. H. Cotterell, Bart., in a finely wooded park. Offa's Dyke is crossed by the line just before

8½m. **MOORHAMPTON STATION**, the nearest to the little market town of Weobley. 1m. E. is Yazor, a modern apsidal church, with a remarkably singular orientation and memorial windows and monuments of the Prices (especially Sir R. Price, Baron of the Exchequer in Queen Anne's time), and the Davenports of *Foxley*. This is a beautiful place on the other side of the hill, and in a glen leading up to Ladylift. Foxley was the property of Sir Uvedale Price, the great landscape-gardener to George III. It was purchased by the Davenports, a Staffordshire family, but has passed into other hands again. 3m. N. of Moorhampton is *Weobley*, a quaint sleepy hollow, which once enjoyed the honour of two M.M.P., although it only possessed 75 electors. It has some very interesting houses, which is the more singular as, whenever an owner died, it was usual to pull down and bury his house as well as himself. Outside the town, on S., are slight remains of the castle, and The Lay, 1½m. S.W., an excellent example of a Jacobean residence. The church has a lofty spire, and is altogether of somewhat unusual proportions. On the S. the town is overlooked by Ladylift and Garnstone Wood, with the beautiful grounds of Garnstone Castle, the seat of the Peploe family.

11½m. **KINNERSLEY STATION**. *Kinnersley Castle* is a highly interesting Jacobean mansion; and 2m. N.E. is *Sarnesfield*, the churchyard of which contains the tomb of John Abell, a celebrated local builder, who largely assisted to defend Hereford when besieged. For this the king rewarded him with the title of "One of his Majesty's

carpenters"—in the present day he would have been knighted. Abell also built many of the town-halls in the neighbourhood, as well as his own monument, he being then ninety years old.

Between Kinnersley and the river there are several interesting villages, and the Wye makes a good many curves, although on a much smaller scale than in its lower course. 2m. from the station is *Letton*, where the neck of the curve of the *Horse Shoe* is only a few yards across. The church has good brasses. A little lower down the river is crossed by a bridge to Bredwardine (p. 83), and the road on the S. side may be followed to Hay. 1m. E. the visitor should ascend *Brobury Scar*, from which the view is very charming, Moccas Court (p. 83) and its wooded hills forming the principal features. Still lower is *Monnington-on-Wye*, approached by a remarkably beautiful avenue of Scotch fir, a mile in length. In the churchyard is the tombstone of Owain Glyndwr, who divided most of his latter days between his two daughters, one of whom married the Lord of Kentchurch (p. 38), while the other lived at Monnington. There is an excellent view from the churchyard at *Staunton-on-Wye*, which, indeed, is rather nearer to Moorhampton than to Kinnersley. The spire of the church is covered with red tiles. The affix "on Wye" is given to distinguish this Staunton from three others in the diocese, viz., Staunton Lacy, Staunton-on-Arrow, and Long Staunton; and it is a curious fact that the incumbents of all four married four sisters. Not far from Staunton is *Kilkington*, an old farmhouse, once inhabited by Mrs. Jeffries, who was turned out of her house at Hereford by the Parliamentary forces.

13½m. EARDISLEY STATION (*junction with line to Kington and Leominster*). The church at Eardisley was restored (1863) by Mr. Herrick, of Beaumanoir, Leicestershire. Previous to the making of this branch line, a considerable traffic was carried on in lime by means of a tramway from the Stanner Rocks near Old Radnor. On S. are the villages of *Willersley* and *Winforton*, of no interest, but the views on the opposite side of the river towards Meerbach Hill are charming.

16½m. WHITNEY STATION. The little church with its square tower is close to station on R. In the meadows below is Whitney Court.

The Wye is now crossed by railway and road—a pretty

view both up and down. A little further, on a steep bank above the line, is *Clifford*, somewhat celebrated for its castle, the most westerly of the fortresses by which the line of the Wye was protected during its passage through the county. Its aspect on a steep scarp over the river has been considerably altered by the course of the railway. On the central and highest part of the ridge on which it is placed was the inner ward, which was about 100 ft. square. This contained the hall and ante-room, with a few half-round towers. A very curious portion is the outwork S. of the inner ward, on three very steep scarps, and this was possibly occupied by some timber structure. The outer ward is much broader than the inner, and was evidently intended for the reception of villagers and cattle during the attack. The whole of the masonry appears to be of Henry III.'s time, and the builder was probably Walter de Clifford, in 1222.—(*Clark's Military Antiq.*) The daughter of this nobleman was the well-known Fair Rosamond, who came to an untimely end under the patronage of Henry II. Clifford Church has been modernized, the oldest and most important part being the tower. In the interior is the full-sized effigy of an ecclesiastic. Clifford Priory, and on the opposite bank of the river (in Radnorshire) is Cabalva. The railway now runs close to the stream, and passing (L.) Pennoyre reaches

20½m. HAY STATION.

We must now retrace our steps to Hereford, returning to Hay by the road on the S. bank of the Wye, which offers much pretty scenery. It leaves the city by the bridge, through the suburb of Blackmarston, and turns off R. under the railway bridge, as though going to Belmont (p. 72). 3½m. a little on R. is the village of *Clehonger*. The church is Dec., consisting of chancel, nave, and aisle, chapel, porch, and tower. In the Aubrey chapel is a mon. of Sir Wm. Pembridge (*temp.* Edward III.) and lady, with others to the various proprietors of the Belmont estate, which is in this parish. Further on, between the road and river is *Eaton Bishop*, the church of which (restored 1873) has some stained glass of the 13th century, said to have been brought from Bishop Cantilupe's chapel at Sugwas, across the water (p. 79). 6½m. *Madley* has a very interesting church (restored 1878). The chancel and nave are of

unequal widths, and are joined together by two skew arches. The former is apsidal, and underneath it is an octagonal crypt with groined roof. There is a good E. window, as also one of five lights in the very pretty S. chapel, called the Chilstone Chapel. Notice the remains of the twelve stalls with miserere seats, and also the staircase of the rood-loft. The font is very old and primitive, cut out of a block of conglomerate. The tower at the W. end is embattled, and a loftier corner turret is much esteemed by the parishioners, under the name of Jacob's Chair. 9½m. *Tibberton Court*, the seat of the Lee-Warners. The grounds are remarkably finely timbered.

12½m. One of the most beautiful places in this part of the country is *Moccas Court*, the seat of the Rev. Sir G. Cornwall, Bart., whose family claim to descend from King John. The park slopes down to the river, occupying one of the curves, and contains some splendid old oaks. The church (near the house) is apsidal and very small, and is believed to be the oldest in Herefordshire. It contains some Norman work and monuments to the De Fresnes. Above Moccas a range of hills separates the Wye from the Golden Valley; and on the summit (about 2½m.) is Arthur's Stone, a cromlech in poor preservation, but originally supported by twelve upright stones. The table stone, which is broken in two, was about 18 ft. long. Near (14m.) *Bredwardine* the Wye is crossed by a bridge of six arches. A castle is said to have existed here which furnished the materials for Moccas Court. *Bredwardine Church* (restored 1875) is interesting. The nave is E. Norman, and on the N. side is some herring-bone work, believed by some to be Saxon. There is good carving both on S. door and lintel of N. door; and also recumbent effigies, one of which is supposed to represent Sir Roger Vaughan, of Bredwardine, son-in-law of "Davy Gam," who fell at Agincourt. On the N. bank of the river is Brobury Scar. The road now winds around the base of Meerbach Hill and ascends Pen-y-park, overlooking Clifford. 19m. At Hardwick a road goes to Dorstone and the Golden Valley. A pretty church was built here in 1849 by the Rev. W. Pennoyre, who formerly lived at the Moor, further on R. The road now descends the hill under Mouse Castle. At 21m. the Dulas brook is crossed, and the county of Brecon and the town of Hay are entered simultaneously.

HAY (Hotels: *Rose and Crown*; *Swan*. Pop. 1,830. Conveyances: *By M.R. to Hereford, Brecon, and Three Cocks for Builth and Rhayadr*. Distances: *London*, 164m.; *Hereford*, 20m.; *Brecon*, 17m.; *Glasbury*, 4m.; *Builth*, 21m.; *Three Cocks*, 5m.; *Talgarth*, 8m.; *Crickhowell*, 20m.; *Clyro*, 1m.; *Cusop*, 1½m.; *Clifford*, 4m.; *Llowes*, 3m.) is a brisk little town at the extreme borders of counties Brecon, Hereford, and Radnor, with which latter it is connected by an iron toll-bridge. The streets rise up pretty steeply from the river-side for almost a mile, very picturesquely crowned with the ivy-covered chimneys and gable ends of the *castle*. The original fortress, built soon after the Conquest by William Walwyn, experienced the tender mercies of Owain Glyndwr, and little is left of it but a part of a tower and a venerable old gateway. The modern portion, notwithstanding its plain sashes, has much beauty of outline, particularly on the S. front. The church at the extreme west of the town is also a somewhat plain building, though it has a good apsidal chancel and pulpit. One of the church curiosities is an old chalice to "Our Lady Paris of the Haier." The old word Haier or Haie signified an inclosure, and there are many places named with that meaning. There is an English Hay, Urishay, Frenchay (in Gloucestershire), and Hay on the Wye, which is called by country folk *the Hay*, or the Welsh Hay. The situation of the church is very pretty, overlooking the river rather precipitously, and separated by a deep though narrow ravine, which formed the defence of an ancient earthwork. The scenery on the Radnorshire banks is also pretty, but scarcely enough so to tempt pedestrians with only the usual allowance of time, except they be geologists, in which case they may commence to explore the tilestones and Upper Silurians near Clyro. But that on the Breconshire side, where the Black Mountains rise in huge long buttress slopes, the view terminating with the pale and distant Beacons (2,862 ft.), is full of attraction, and opens up promise of capital rambling ground. One of the loveliest walks in the country is up the valley of Cusop, with its tiny village and church. The latter has on its wall the armorial bearings of Sir T. Duppa, 18th century. The yews in the churchyard are very fine. On the hillside to the W. is the camp, made use of for practice by the artillery, who have come to be looked upon as regular

visitors of the neighbourhood. There is a pretty walk to *Mouse Castle*, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. on the road to Moccas. It was an ancient British fortification, known in that language as *Llygad*, or the Eye.

An interesting excursion may be made by crossing the bridge (*toll*) to Clyro. $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. on the Radnorshire side is Wyecliffe, and higher up Clyro Court. Nearly 2m. further is the village of *Llowes*, in the churchyard of which is a singular cross, $7\frac{1}{2}$ ft. from the ground. On E. side is a cross of geometrical lozenge-shaped pattern. This stone is called Moll Walbec, but the original British name was *Malaen-y-Walfa*, or the "Fury of the Enclosure."

As the railway in its course to the Three Cocks runs very near the river-side, there are but few views obtained on the L., where the mountains descend rather precipitously. On this side successively are Oakfield, the village of Llanigon, and Llanthomas. The views on the R. are more open, and embrace a considerable stretch of the high wooded ground of Radnorshire.

$24\frac{1}{2}$ m. GLASBURY STATION, where the two counties are connected by a bridge. The church is modern pseudo-Norman. Conspicuous on the Radnor side is *Maeslough*, a very imposing castellated mansion. It was originally built by Mr. Wilkins, who afterwards changed his name to De Winton.

On L., 1m., is Tregoed (Viscount Hereford).

26m. THREE COCKS STATION (*junction with Mid-Wales Railway. Hotel, Three Cocks, much in vogue with anglers, and very comfortable*).

The Wye, from Three Cocks to Glasbury, has been preparing in a considerable curve for the change from its wooded glens to the more open Herefordshire vales; but before committing himself to the tender mercies of the Mid-Wales Railway, which the tourist will find to be neither punctual nor swift, he may make a short excursion to Talgarth and Llangorse Lake, continuing by the Midland Railway and following up the valley of the Llyfni. Close to Three Cocks is the historic old mansion of *Gwernynyfed*, where Charles I. stayed in the time of Sir Henry Williams. It is of Elizabethan date, but of late years has been enlarged and restored, and is now a fine place. About halfway on L. is *Porthhaml*, a farmhouse with a handsome old gateway.

$2\frac{1}{2}$ m. *Talgarth* (Inn, *Ashburnham Arms*) is a quiet

little Breconshire townlet in a beautiful situation under the Black Mountains. The church is beyond the usual size, although of no architectural beauty. 1m. is *Bronllys Castle*, a round tower which used to give rise to very unnecessary speculations as to its origin. It consists of an artificial mound, placed at the apex of an earthwork, which may have been (in Mr. Clark's opinion) a Celtic camp, with Roman additions. On this is placed a Norman or E. E. tower of about 70 ft. in height, cylindrical in its upper portions, and having a basement and three stages. Though of rude masonry, it is remarkable for the excellence of the dressings of the door and windows, which rather resemble Dec. work. Perhaps these were added later. On the hills opposite Talgarth is *Tregunter*, the seat of the Roches. Talgarth is an excellent starting-point from which to explore the Breconshire side of the Black Mountains, and particularly the Cader, 2,545 ft., which commands a splendid view. It is a magnificent walk also to Crickhowell (12m.) and the Vale of Usk over the Pass of Dinas. Beyond Talgarth (1½m.) is a house called *Trevecca*, of interest as having been the scene of a religious movement of considerable importance. It was made into a college for Calvinists in 1752 by a Welsh Nonconformist divine, who endeavoured to establish a community which should exist for the common good. For a time it succeeded, numbering 150 members, and amongst them the celebrated Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, but it failed to become permanent, and for a long time has existed on a very small scale. 3½m. further is *Llangorse Lake* or Pool, in Welsh *Llyn Savaddan*, a very beautiful sheet of water of some five miles in circumference, and surrounded by hills of somewhat melancholy appearance. Llangorse obtains most of its importance from its being the largest lake in Wales but one, viz., Bala. It is quite the lake for a legend, and accordingly we find that in prehistoric days a large city existed here, which was overwhelmed in some terrible catastrophe, and its place taken by the waters of the lake. Even now the peasants of the villages around will tell us that towers are faintly visible on certain occasions when the surface is still, and, more wonderful even, that bells are faintly heard to ring by chance listeners. At the head of the lake, in a tangled underwood under the village of *Cathedine*, are the scanty remains of *Blaenllyfni Castle*, probably of the same date and style as the other

border castles with which we have so frequently met, though it has a very small historical record. Some few years ago a *crannoge* was discovered on one of the banks by the Rev. Mr. Dumbleton. Llangorse is a good fishing place for those who like coarse fish. Pike are caught of a great size (over 25 lb.) by "trimming" from a boat, and give rise to plenty of sport.

From TAL-Y-LLYN JUNCTION the tourist can either proceed to Brecon, or to Merthyr Tydvil, or return to Three Cocks.

ROUTE VI.—FROM THREE COCKS TO BUILT AND RHAYADR.

(THE WYE UPPER WATER.)

The tourist who has followed up the river from its mouth will at once note a great difference in the character of the stream, which, though often presenting tolerably broad and deep water, is more generally characterized by frequent rapids. The scenery, too, becomes closer, and assumes a mountain garb; and while capital views are obtainable from the railway windows, the pedestrian will certainly have the best of it. 2m. on R. bank is Llyswen, traditionally the seat of the early Welsh princes, though there is nothing to show for it.

2½m. BOUGHROOD STATION. On R., close to the station, is Boughrood Castle, and on the opposite bank are the beautiful woods of *Llangoed Castle*, a seat belonging to Sir J. R. Bailey, Bart.

Excursion :

A very interesting excursion, offering magnificent views, can be made to the primitive little mountain church of *Llanstephan*, about 2m., all uphill. Below it, in a lovely situation, is Llanstephan House, residence of Mr. Hotchkiss, who was largely instrumental in restoring the church. It consists of nave and chancel, with small bell-tower on W. There are some sedilia in the chancel. Notice also the altar-cloth, elaborately embroidered from a Russian pattern by a gentleman resident in the next county. The lich-gate is remarkable for

having a chamber inside, known as the "parson's stall," suggestive of the long distance and difficult lanes which are the usual lot of a Radnorshire parson. The churchyard is noteworthy for its magnificent old yew-tree, and the equally magnificent view looking S. over the Black Mountains, Mynydd-y-Troed, and the hills around Llangorse Lake, while in the foreground is a long wooded stretch of the river.

6m. ERWOOD STATION, the hamlet being on the Breconshire side of the stream. Directly above it is *Garth Hill*, crowned by an earthwork. The tourist must retrace his steps for about 1m. to see the waterfall and savage little glen of *Craig-pwl-ddu*, on the mountain stream of the Bachwy. The fall is not very high, not more than forty feet, but the rocks are so wild and the ravine so intensely gloomy, that there is ample basis for superstitious tales and fears. It is said that the Welsh princes had a castle on the top of the rock, and that they disposed of their prisoners by plunging them into the pool below.*

9m. ABEREDW STATION. This romantic little village is placed (as its name implies) at the entrance of and overlooking the river *Edw*, which has a course of several miles from the Radnorshire hills. The castle is sacred to Welsh patriotism, as it belonged to Prince Llewelyn ap Gruffydd, the last Prince of Wales, and it was hence that he was riding to Builth for shelter, when the inhabitants of that disloyal little town declined to admit him. It is an old story, how the snow was on the ground, and how the unfortunate prince had his horse's shoes reversed that the pursuers might be put off the scent, and how an ever-to-be-execrated blacksmith revealed the trick to the English. The situation of both Aberedw Church and Castle is charming. The stream, which is worth following up with a rod, runs through the villages of Llanbadarn-y-garrig, Cregina, and Bettwsdisserth, and drains the principal portion of the county between the Wye and New Radnor. On the Breconshire side, opposite Aberedw, is the little church of Capel alt Mawr. The geology of this part of

* "In the immediate vicinity of the Begwm Hills, the lower part of the Ludlow formation has been violently contorted, especially in the narrow mountain gorge in which the Bachhowey or Bachwy falls over the cliff at *Craig-pwl-ddu*."

the valley is extremely interesting. "Between Erwood and Builth, rocks of Ludlow age constitute picturesque cliffs, the slightly inclined strata presenting their edges to the eye of the traveller, the rock being in some instances exceedingly hard and compact. But near Aberedw thin bands of calcareous limestone are observed in the hills overhanging the river."—(*Siluria*). 11½m. R. the village of Llanfared, and on L. *Glanwye*, the pretty seat of Sir J. R. Bailey, Bart. The Dihonw stream near this was the scene of a frightful catastrophe in 1853, when a sudden flood rose in the night and carried away a villa residence with the whole family.

Passing R. the church of Llanellwedd, the train reaches 13m. **BUILTH WELLS**. Hotel, *Lion*. Pop. 1,383. Conveyances: *Rail to Hereford, Llanidloes, Llandrindod Wells, Shrewsbury, Swansea*. Distances: *London, 183m.; Hereford, 39m.; Hay, 21m.; Three Cocks, 13m.; Brecon, 25m.; Builth Road, 1½m. (this station was formerly known by the name of Llechrhyd Junction); Llandrindod Wells, 7m.; Llanwrtyd Wells, 10m.; Rhayadr, 14m.; Newbridge, 6m.; Llanidloes, 26m.* Builth is a pleasant and pretty little town on the R. or Breconshire side of the Wye, a bridge of six arches connecting the two counties. The river valley has opened out considerably, and gives a pleasant relief from the close quarters in which we have been travelling from Three Cocks. The streets of the town run on the hillside parallel with the river, while the neighbourhood is dotted with handsome residences. Builth has always had a certain amount of importance, ever since it was the Roman station of Bullæum. Not only is it the shop and market town for a wide district around, but it has special advantages in its mineral waters, which are near the mouth of the Yrfon, about a mile distant. Each season, too, brings a certain quota of visitors as anglers, while scientific men have an unlimited scope of study in the Silurian hills around. There are few better headquarters in the whole county.

The origin of these waters may be thus explained: "The trap of the district appears for the last time on the S.W. in a low knoll close to the Pump House. It is a coarse greenstone containing many crystals of iron pyrites. The Pump House stands upon this rock, but the mineral water arises from the adjoining schist, which it throws up into vertical strata striking N.E. and S.W. It is highly

charged with crystals of iron pyrites, and has in parts veins of quartz crystals or calc spar. The natural decomposition of the pyrites, which must be continually going on by the percolation of water along the planes of these vertical beds, sufficiently accounts for the presence of these sulphurous waters." The castle, or what little is left of it, is situated on the bank opposite the bridge. In the 11th century, when Bernard Newmarch invaded Breconshire, he found the outworks of Builth still existing, and he added to it a later Norman building. It afterwards passed by marriage to the De Braoses, and was besieged and taken by Llewelyn in 1260. Scarcely a trace of masonry exists, but only some heaps of earth of rather remarkable size and character, probably of far earlier date than the Norman works that occupied them. There is a conical mound 60 ft. high from the ditch, which is carried all round from 100 to 120 ft. in breadth. On the southern circumference are two platforms, one much larger than the other, and separated by another ditch from the outer barbican, which is about 110 yards N. and S., by 190 E. and W. The church, which is situated at the other end of the town in a fine churchyard, is very massive, and especially as regards the 14th century tower, which is on the S. side at the E. end. The church, all but the tower, was rebuilt in 1875, and now consists of chancel, nave, N. aisle, and S. porch. It is a pretty walk on to the Park Wells, where there is a Pump House and appliances for drinking the waters. These are of three varieties, chalybeate, sulphurous, and saline—all differing from each other, although issuing from the ground quite close to each other. Although they are of undoubtedly good and pure character, their reputation is but local, and the wells certainly have not a flourishing appearance. It is worth notice, especially when taken in connection with the geology of the neighbourhood, that the whole district to the north for the next dozen miles is impregnated with mineral waters. Builth, Llanwrtyd, Llandrindod, Llangdeley, and Llangammarch, are all more or less valuable in this respect, though only Llandrindod can be said to be blessed with a season. The lack of fashion, however, is counterbalanced by the extreme cheapness of health restoration. Modern improvements are represented in Builth by a very neat public hall decorated with terracotta medallions, amongst which will be noticed the ox,

“ buallt ” or “ muallt,” which is the symbol of the town. Builth is one of the best fishing stations on the Wye, for the number of tributary streams are so great, such as the Yrfon, the Chweffru, the Edw, the Dihonw, etc. The great question here, as elsewhere, is that of preserving; and before the angler arranges for his holiday, he had better write to the landlord of the hotel to ascertain what are the chances of sport. The geologist, however, need do nothing of the sort, for his game is abundantly spread out for him all over the hills of Wellfield and many places in the neighbourhood. Thus speaks *Siluria* on the subject: “ In the hilly district between Builth, Llandrindod, and Llandegley, the Llandeilo formation rises to the surface in the form of a rugged ellipsoidal mass, throughout which igneous rocks, both stratified and eruptive, prevail. Whether collected at Wellfield, or other places near, or in the flagstones N. of the Carneddau Hills, the *Ogygia Buchii*, *Ampyx nudus*, *Agnostus McCoyii*, and *Lingula attenuata*, are found in abundance, with beds full of *Orthis calligramma*, and other characteristic shells. On the flanks of the Carneddau Hills there are amorphous masses of igneous rocks, which have broken through and highly altered the Llandeilo flags.”

Following up the fretted Wye, we come to

14½m. BUILTH ROAD (*junction with Central Wales Railway on R. to Llandrindod and Shrewsbury, on L. to Llanwrtyd Wells, Llandovery, and Swansea. Refreshment-room*). This may lay claim to be about the most exasperating junction in the three kingdoms, not only for its general inaccessibility, but for the want of communication between the two stations, and the certainty of delay which rarely fails to meet the unfortunate traveller.

Excursions :

- (a) To Llanwrtyd Wells up the valley of the Yrfon, which is of a different character to that of the Wye. The hills, although tolerably high, are rather bare and monotonous, and there is a decided falling off in the foliage, except just along the actual bed of the stream. It is a fine view as the line crosses the Wye foaming and tumbling beneath, soon afterwards passing the primitive little church of *Llanganten* on the Chweffru.

2m. CILMERI STATION, close to which is *Cefn-y-*

bedd, associated with Aberedw (p. 88) in the gloomy tragedy in which Llewelyn, Prince of Wales, was so ruthlessly assassinated by the English, although it is said that the actual culprit was not aware of the rank of his victim. The prince was buried at Cefn-y-bedd ("the ridge of the bed" or grave). As the valley is gradually ascended, good views are occasionally obtained in the foreground of *Mynydd Epynt* and *Bwlch-y-groes*, an immense mass of Silurian mountains that cut off a large portion of the county from S. Breconshire. Although it is a fine moorland road to Brecon, it must be confessed that it demands consideration on the score of weather. Beyond the station on L. is the church of *Llanynis*, and on R. *Cilmeri*. *Llanafan Fechan* Church is passed a little before reaching

4½m. GARTH STATION. Near this is Garth House and *Llanlleonfel* Church (on the Dulas), which contains some monuments of the Gwynnes, a family almost extinct in this portion of Breconshire. Inn at Maes-y-Cefn-ford close to the station.

6m. LLANGAMMARCH STATION, at the confluence of the Cammarch. Here is a little mineral well and a neat little inn (*Cammarch*), where the valedudinarian may recruit without fear of disturbance, the only excitement of the day being the arrival of the Shrewsbury train with the papers. In the churchyard is a carved stone, with the circle of a cross 16 in., with a cross-bar. This part of the country is traversed N. and S. by the Sarn Helen, an ancient British road, which was utilized practically for connecting N. and S. Wales, running from *Deva* (Chester), to *Bannium* (Brecon), *Bullæum* (Builth) and *Maridunum* (Caermarthen). The country looks bleaker and bleaker as the train reaches

9m. LLANWETYD STATION, the hills in the distance showing where Caermarthenshire begins. Llanwrtyd Wells is about 1m. from the station, and an omnibus runs thither. *There are three inns here : at the station one (very primitive) with the British name of Askomel; in the village the Neuadd Arms; and at the Wells the pension boarding-house of Dolycoed, close to which are the Wells.*

Distances : *London*, 193m. ; *Brecon*, 88m. ; *Shrewsbury*, 60m. ; *Builth*, 10½m. The tourist will at once perceive by appearance and sound that Llanwrtyd is the well of the Welsh, its virtues, which are similar to the Harrogate water, being spoken of in the vernacular by the name of Ffynnon Drewllydd, or the "Stinking Well." Putting aside the local characteristics, Llanwrtyd is very beautifully situated, the Yrfon taking a sharp turn to N. and at once entering a gorge of steep bluffs, which ere long give place to a steeper and more rocky accompaniment. Both in situation and prestige the Dolycoed is the favourite abiding-place ; and the excursion to the head of the Yrfon and over the mountain into the Claerwen Valley is a splendid one, though it wants rather good staying powers. Rising above the church, which is about 1m. from Dolycoed, is the beautiful hill of *Pendinas*, and a little higher up is a small cave which in old times was the lair of a celebrated freebooter. The *Culant* stream comes in at Llynderw, an untenanted house in a wild situation, and higher up (6m.) is the confluence of the Gwessin with the Yrfon. We must be a good deal surprised at finding even one church in so retired a locality ; but the surprise is greatly augmented at meeting with two, one on each side the Yrfon. They are the churches of the two large parishes of Llanddewi Abergwessin and Llanfihangel Abergwessin respectively, and we can but imagine that they were so built that the dwellers in one parish might have the opportunity of seeing their neighbours at least once a week. The finest part of the Yrfon scenery is 2m. higher up at *Camddwr Bleddiad*, or Wolves' Leap, where the river runs at a great depth between rocks that almost touch. The name is suggestive enough of the early British days when man disputed the passage of the glens with the wild beasts. From this point follow a little glen to N.E., and in about 4m., crossing Drygarn Mountain, 2,120 ft., the pedestrian will descend into the Claerwen Valley, and thence to Rhayadr.

- (b) To Llandrindod Wells and the valley of the Ython.
The Central Wales Railway runs N.E. opposite the

wooded slope of Welfield, and the adjoining estate of *Pencerrig*. A very handsome church has been built by Miss Thomas of Pencerrig at *Cwmbach*, a little on L. of the line. All the details have been completed with unusual care and cost, and the bells were brought all the way from Zurich. As the line ascends somewhat steep gradients, the country becomes more "commonly" and bare, and with an unmistakable keenness of air.

5½m. LLANDRINDOD WELLS STATION. Hotels: *Pump House* (about ¾m.), *Rock*, *Llanerch* (close to the station). Pop. 808; Distances: *London*, 183m.; *Shrewsbury*, 50m.; *Brecon*, 30m.; *Rhayadr*, 8m.; *Newbridge*, 3½m.; *Cefn-llys*, 2m.; *Builth*, 7½m.; *Abbey-cwm-hir*, 8m. It may be at once conceded that there is not a place in the kingdom which has purer or more delightful air than Llandrindod; and now that the reproach of inaccessibility is taken away from it, and the access from London is so easy, there is no reason why its undeniable health-giving virtues should not be more generally appreciated. Llandrindod is by no means a place of yesterday, for in the middle of the last century a great effort was made by a Mr. Grosvenor to bring it before the world. He was a little before his day, for he erected a grand hotel, which for its luxurious fittings, its cuisine, and its varied amusements, was quite the wonder of the age. Unfortunately for the speculator, the country was bleak, and there was no London and North-Western Railway to carry away the bored visitor. The hotel was not a success, and became a resort of gamblers—a sort of Radnorshire Monte Carlo—acquiring such a bad name that it had to be pulled down. This was literally done by a pious lady, who regarded the whole establishment with the utmost horror. For many, many years afterwards, Llandrindod led a very quiet local life, from which it only at length began to emerge under the care of the owner of the land, Mr. E. Middleton Evans, of *Llwyn-y-barried*. A good deal of scattered building has been done, and a new church by *Nicholson* (there are two now), market houses, and a cottage hospital, erected; while a pretty public garden has

been formed ; although there is still plenty of room for more without exciting Lord Brabazon's ire. The waters are of three kinds, sulphurets, chalybeate, and saline. The latter is found both at the Pump House and in the park, as are also the sulphuretted springs, the one in the park being particularly suitable for cutaneous and uterine diseases, chronic bronchitis, and cases of sluggish liver. The chalybeate is also found in the park. There are some pretty views from this looking up the valley of the Ython, which flows about a mile off in a narrow winding bed. Llandrindod will be seen to be on a breezy plateau, through which the Ython winds its way, but not so deeply as to make a very marked feature. In fact, during the upper part of its course, the geological character of the river exhibits a decided change as it approaches the mountainous masses of the Foel, the Rallt, Bedugre, and other hills that range from the valley of the Severn towards Abbey-cwm-hir. These mountains are composed of quartzose grits, subordinate to slaty sandstone, and probably of the same age as the Longmynd.

Excursions :

- (a) To *Cefn-llys Castle*, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. distant, very picturesquely placed in a gorge of the Ython, on a trap rock overlooking it. The river, in its course from the N.W., suddenly deflects and follows the edge of the main ridge of the trap hills in a sinuous channel excavated in the Lower Silurian rocks winding round Cefn-llys, which is thus almost peninsulated. The well-wooded and deep valley near the little church is singularly beautiful, where the Ython, emerging from this singularly vulcanized region, passes between cliffs of about 40 ft. in height, from the sides of which a single plank serves as a bridge over the stream.—(*Silurian System*). The castle has no features of interest beyond its situation, though it had its share of hard knocks, and was at one time the seat of the Lord Marcher's court. The excursion may be continued to *Llandegley* (Hotel, *Burton Arms*), a pretty village some 2 m. distant, which also claims the

virtues of a mineral well. It is of more interest than the others in the neighbourhood, inasmuch as it used to be the scene of some quaint ceremonies in honour of St. Tecla, the patron saint, and probably the same who owned the chapel at the mouth of the Wye (p. 12). The Llandegley well was particularly famous for the cure of the falling sickness, and the practice is thus described in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*: "The patient washes his limbs in the well, makes an offering in it of fourpence, walks round it three times, and thrice repeats the Lord's Prayer. If of the male sex, he makes an offering of a cock; if of the fair sex, of a hen. The fowl is carried in a basket, first round the well, then into the churchyard, then round the church. The votary then enters the church, gets under the communion table, lies down with the Bible under the head, is covered with the carpet or cloth, and rests there until the break of day, departing after offering sixpence and leaving the fowl in the church. If the bird dies, the cure is supposed to have been effected and the disease transferred to it."

- (b) To *Llanbadarn Vawr* 3m., and *Abbey-cwm-hir* 8m. The road runs nearly parallel with the railway, and crosses the winding Ython just before reaching *Llanbadarn Vawr*, the church of which has some early Norman work. In the churchyard is an early carved stone, with figures of two very large dogs with tails ending in trefoils, separated by a rudely carved face. Mr. Westwood considers it to be of the 12th century, and thinks it might have been part of a tympanum. The line is then crossed (road on L. to Rhayadr) and the valley of the Ython quitted to ascend that of the *Clywedog*, a charming stream that comes down from the Camllo Hills. About 5m. up, within a very pretty amphitheatre of wood, is *Abbey-cwm-hir* (= long coombe), once a rich and prosperous Cistercian monastery, which must have been of considerable size and importance, judging from the measurements taken some years ago. It was then found that the abbey was 242 ft. in length. It was founded in the 12th century by Cadwalladon ap Madok for sixty monks, but, notwithstanding its solitary and isolated posi-

tion, it received some very unwelcome attentions at different times. Henry II. would have burnt it in a fit of passion, but cooled down and allowed himself to be bought off by the community; but it was not so fortunate later on, for it was destroyed in 1401 by Owain Glyndwr. Since then the abbey never looked up, and even its stones have almost entirely disappeared, although they probably exist in the mansion which bears its name. The neighbourhood seems to have had a certain amount of importance long before Madok and his monks came there, for there are traces of more than one Roman road. There was a communication between Builth (*Bullæum*) on the S. and Caersws in Montgomeryshire on the N., and this road apparently passed up through Llanyre, opposite Llandrindod, thence over Camllo Hill and up to the head of the Clywedog, where it crossed the mountains at the pass of Bwlch-y-sarnau, and gained the valley of the Marteg. Notice on the return, at the junction of the little river Crych with the Clywedog, a picturesque old house, called Devanner.

The Ython runs from the N. for a good many miles beyond the junction of the Clywedog, but it is scarcely a route that will tempt the tourist. The country is rather bleak, and there are not many details of interest, except a few earthworks and traces of an old fortress at Llananno, some 7m. further on.

It is a beautiful journey from Builth Road to Rhayadr, the Ython being crossed at its mouth and final disappearance into the Wye at about 2m. distance.

19½m. NEWBRIDGE STATION (*no inn, but a coffee tavern*). Conspicuous on L. on the brow of the hill is *Llysdyman*, the beautiful residence of the Venables family, which commands a glorious view looking S. In the village is a pretty church of grey stone, with white facings, built for them by *Williams*. The antiquary may find it worth while to make an excursion of 3½m. across the river to *Llanafan Vawr*, the church of which has an interesting altar-tomb, with a deep-cut inscription to St. Avan. The characters are of Lombardic type, about the 13th or 14th century.

The tourist will certainly find it to his account to walk the remainder of the distance to Rhayadr, 7½m.

The mountains very soon close in upon the Wye, and much of the beauty of the valley is lost by the railway traveller. The line itself crosses the river at Newbridge, but the road continues along the L. bank, occupying more or less of a terrace, winding round the base of *Dolevan Hill*, and afterwards skirting the beautiful park of Penllan-oleu.

A beautiful view opens out at DOLDOWLOD STATION, where the line again rejoins the road. On R. is Doldowlod. A little further on is the Breconshire village of *Llanwrthwl*, where the grouping of the hills is very charming. In the churchyard is the stone shaft of a cross, supposed by some antiquaries to be of very early origin. The way now becomes rather of a moorland character, from which the red brick chimneys of Glanrhos take away the feeling of solitude—a little too much so, perhaps. One of the finest views in the whole course of the Wye presents itself as the road turns the corner to *Aberddaudwr*. On the R. rises the huge wooded crag of *Gwastaden*, the tints of which in the autumn are of exquisite beauty. Geologically, it consists of alternations of coarse slaty sandstone and fine conglomerates, passing into roofing slates. On L. the vale of Elan is laid open for miles, as the river flows under Corn Gafallt, while in the centre is seen Rhayadr with its background of Montgomeryshire mountains. Immediately below the road, though at some distance, the Elan is crossed by a foot-bridge—a most lovely subject for a sketch.

The road now bears away from the river, on the opposite bank of which is the pleasant fishing-box of Woodlands, and passing by the Union House (a Utopia of work-houses as far as situation goes) enters

27m. RHAYADR STATION. Hotels: *Red Lion*, very comfortable; *Lion and Castle*. Pop. 1,087. Conveyances: *Mid-Wales Railway to Llanidloes and Three Cocks*. Distances: *London*, 178m.; *Shrewsbury*, 48m.; *Llan-drindod*, 15m.; *Aberystwith*, 88m.; *Builth*, 14m.; *Llanidloes*, 12m.; *Newbridge*, 7½m.; *Abbey-cwm-hir*, 7m. Rhayadr, or more fully Rhayadr Gwy (R. on the Wye), partially belongs to the parish of Nantmel, and is very beautifully situated on the L. bank of the river, which passes under the bridge in a disturbed and impetuous manner, although not so much so as it did before certain structural alterations. The hills around the little town

environ it very closely, and give it rather a sombre aspect, depending of course very much on the effects of atmosphere. The four short rectangular streets are soon perambulated, and the primitive appearance of the town-hall and the brick-coloured local bank taken note of. Small as the place is, there are two churches, both of them in very beautiful situations, and both of them overlooking the Wye, which runs in a gorge below. Rhayadr Church has an interesting old font of circular shape, with heads of animals on each side. The church itself is single-aisled, with a low tower at the W. end. *Cwmddaudwr* Church is on the opposite side of the river, lower down, and has been rebuilt. It contains some memorial windows to the late Mr. Prickard, a chancel-screen of wrought iron in commemoration of Miss Oliver's (of Rhydoldog) marriage with Gen. Sladen, and a reredos, a copy of L. da Vinci's Last Supper. Not far from the church is a stone supposed to commemorate the base assassination of Eineon Clyd by the Flemings and Normans on his return from Cardigan, where he had been assisting at the festivities of his father-in-law, Rhys, Prince of South Wales. Not very distant from this ill-fated spot, a similar occurrence took place at Dderw on the old Aberystwith road, when a band of robbers shot the judge as he was coming from the assize, in revenge for one of his sentences. In consequence of this murder the assizes were removed altogether to Presteign, at the other end of the county.

The chief interest of Rhayadr is of course the scenery of the neighbourhood and the fishing. Many a tourist who is a disciple of the gentle craft will here get the sport that he has been vainly seeking in the strictly preserved lower waters.

Excursions :

- (a) To *Cwm Elan*—5m. The course of the Elan is very much longer than this, but within the distance mentioned the tourist will be able to see most of its beauties. The road crosses the bridge and passes *Cwmddaudwr* Church, and then breasts some rather high ground, dropping on to the Elan in a little over a mile. There is an exquisite view here, looking downward to the junction of the Elan with the Wye, and the distant course of the latter river—upwards to a great wall of mountains, over which

the old road to Aberystwith is carried. Underneath it is Rhydoldog.

For another 2m. the river winds round in a lovely glen, the base of *Cefn Craig-y-foel*, a favourite hill with artists for its beauty of form and colour. Just at the turn is the little church of *Capel Nantgwylt*, the mansion-house of Nantgwylt being a little higher up the *Claerwen*, which runs into the Elan at this point. The residence of *Cwm Elan*, 1m. higher up the Elan, is in a situation of extreme beauty, and was erected a good many years ago by a Mr. Grove out of the bare hillside. It was much bepraised by the poet Bowles, who wrote a poem under that name. For another mile or so the pedestrian may well follow up the rushing river, but it will scarcely repay him to go much further; and he can vary his return route by crossing *Cefn Craig-y-foel*, which will furnish him with new and splendid views. The geological composition of the mountains is very similar to that of Gwastaden, viz., slaty rocks and coarse conglomerates, interstratified with slates, the whole much twisted and contorted. Thin beds of lead occur, and it may be mentioned that there are, or have been, one or two lead-mines up the *Claerwen* at *Dalriw* and *Glencar*.

- (b) It is a charming mountain walk up the hills by the old Aberystwith road, which is rather shorter than the so-called new road, but considerably more hilly. Cross the bridge, but take the road to R., past *Dderw* as before, the scene of the judge's assassination (*see ante*) 2m. An exceedingly pretty little lake, *Gwyn Llyn*, lies below the road, overshadowed by a steep bluff of mountains. The wide moorland of *Pen-rhiw-wen* is now crossed, and at about the 5th m. the Elan is suddenly met with in the earlier part of its course, and keeps company with the road almost *ab initio*. In about 9m. the watershed is reached, and the tourist begins to descend the valley of the Ystwith. Although it is not very probable that the tourist will care to go to Aberystwith by this road, he may be interested in visiting the *Cwm Ystwith* lead-mines (14m. from *Rhayadr*), inasmuch as it was from these that Sir Hugh Myddelton realized the vast fortune which he ulti-

mately spent in the New River. Even if the resources of the Wye are not eventually called into play to supply London with water, it is singular that the metropolis has been for so many years indebted indirectly for that necessary article to this immediate neighbourhood.

The visitor to the banks of the Wye will find that after passing Rhayadr the river character is changed for that of an impetuous mountain-stream, quarrelling with its bed at every turn. For the first 3m. the road, railway, and river keep very close to each other to Abermarteg, where the Marteg, a stream of considerable volume, flows in from the N.E. The scenery is particularly striking here, the river at the *Nannerth Rocks* flinging itself with great uproar through the narrow gorge. The Mid-Wales line at this point bids final adieu to the Wye, following up the Marteg, and passing

31m. ST. HARMON STATION to

34m. PANTYDWR STATION. A wild mountainous district is now traversed, crossing the watershed to

37m. TYLWCH STATION, and shortly reaching (42m.) LLANIDLOES and the Valley of the Severn. The valley, or rather glen, of the Wye gets narrower and more mountain-bound, quitting Radnorshire and South Wales altogether at 7m. from Rhayadr. At 9½m. the village of *Llangurig*, where a road branches off R. to (5m.) Llanidloes, the Wye comes in abruptly from the E., flowing past the pretty villa of Glangwy at the junction of the Bidno. At about the 15th m. from Rhayadr, the Wye, now a mere mountain torrent, parts company for once and all from the road, having its rise within a very few miles at a spot called Blaen Gwy, from which Plynlimmon rises up in sullen majesty. In the adjoining *cwm* rises the *Afon Tarenig*, alongside which the road is carried to (17m.) *Steddfagurig*, where all connection with the Wye and its watershed ceases.

This is as good a point as any to make the ascent of *Plynlimmon*, which is rather a group of mountains than one single eminence. Plynlimmon should be regarded more for its massiveness than its height, which is only 2,469 ft. But notwithstanding its comparative lowliness, it is not a mountain to be rashly undertaken, on account of the morasses and bogs that abound on its shoulders; and even

the best Alpine climber may be brought to grief in the most ignominious manner in crossing an innocent-looking green moss. Mists, too, are not infrequent, and, though there is little fear of falling over a precipice, the losing one's way on Plynlimmon is not a desirable thing to wind up a Wye tour. The number of springs and wells around the mountain is very considerable, and there can be few hills which have the parentage of so many more or less important streams. First and foremost comes the Severn, which rises some 2m. N. of the Wye, and although very impetuous at first, becomes quite a sedate stream by the time it reaches Llanidloes, a dozen miles off. The next in importance is, as we have seen, the Wye. The Rheidol has the boldest and most romantic inception, for it rises immediately under the highest and most precipitous point in a small lake called Llyn Llygad Rheidol, or the Eye of the Rheidol, and after flowing through a gorge to the N., suddenly turns round and skirts the whole of the mountain's W. side, eventually falling into the sea at Aberystwith, in company with the Ystwith. Amongst the smaller streams are the Dulas, which flows N. and falls into the Dovey estuary at Machynlleth, as also does the Llyfnant, which rises in a lake called Llyn-pen-Rhaiadr. Besides these, there are countless streamlets hastening down each little glen to its destination, and one can understand of what a watery nature Plynlimmon is composed. No wonder, indeed, that Owain Glyndwr found it a useful lair whence to start on his forays to the Welsh Marches. Should the tourist elect to ascend to the summit, he will be rewarded, if the day be clear, by a superb view, extending from the Black Mountains and Beacons in S. Wales to the Snowdon chain in the N., and a splendid expanse of Cardigan Bay on the W.

It is natural to suppose that the tourist who has lovingly followed the banks of the Wye from Chepstow hither may not wish to return by the same route, and will probably be desirous of visiting Aberystwith, which is only 16m. distant.

The moment that the watershed is crossed at Steddfa-gurig, the character of the country is seen to be changed, and to become slaty and sad-coloured. Nor will the tourist proceed far before he is made aware that he is in the district of lead-mines; for every now and again a solitary water-wheel and a stream of whitey-

brown water is met with, while on the hillside is a gloomy-looking row of dressing and stamping mills, performing their work with a curious far-off thud. Indeed, this part of the establishment is by far the most interesting, for the interior of a lead-mine has little beauty or metallic glamour to recommend it. At *Dyfryn Castell*, where a road is given off S. to the Devil's Bridge, only 3m. distant, the river *Castell* flows westward and soon makes a most picturesque junction with the Rheidol at *Pont Erwyd* (Inn, *Druid*). The fall is of no great height, but the narrowness of the gorge and the solitariness of the whole situation make it a most attractive bit of scenery. At *Cefn Bruno*, some 3m. from Pont Erwyd, a gradual descent commences all the way to Aberystwith, leaving on R. the extensive mines of *Coginau*, which for their size and successful history are considered as among the typical mines of Cardiganshire. A little beyond *Capel Bangor* the Rheidol joins company with the road, and is never very free from it for the remainder of the distance. 15m. *Llanbadarn Vawr* is a remarkably fine old cruciform church of the 12th century, with many interesting Norman details, particularly in its deeply splayed circular-headed windows. A monastery is said to have existed here, founded by St. Paternus, a contemporary of Dubricius. In one mile more the tourist enters the rapidly increasing town of ABERYSTWITH. (Hotels: *Bellevue*, *Gogerddan Arms*, etc.)

PALÆONTOLOGY OF THE WYE DISTRICTS.

THE geology of the Wye districts having been alluded to at the various points of interest, it will be unnecessary to give any further description of it as a whole. At the same time, there are so many tourists with scientific tastes who like to combine a little fossil-hunting in localities which have such a world-wide reputation, that it will not be out of place to add a brief list of the best known palæontological specimens.

Name	Locality
<i>Acroculia haliotis</i> - - -	Dormington.
<i>Agnostus pisiformis</i> - - -	Builth.
<i>Ampyx nudus</i> - - -	"
<i>Arachnophyllum typus</i> - - -	Dormington.

Name	Locality
<i>Asaphus Buchii</i> - - -	Builth.
<i>Athyris didyma</i> - - -	Fownhope.
<i>A. tumida</i> - - -	Dormington.
<i>Atrypa affinis</i> - - -	Woolhope.
<i>A. aspera</i> - - -	"
<i>A. didyma</i> - - -	" Fownhope.
<i>A. cuneata</i> - - -	"
<i>A. galeata</i> - - -	"
<i>A. marginalis</i> - - -	"
<i>A. linguifera</i> - - -	" Dormington.
<i>A. reticularis</i> - - -	" "
<i>A. tenuistriata</i> - - -	"
<i>Aulopora serpens</i> - - -	"
<i>Bellerophon dilatatus</i> - - -	Dormington.
<i>B. expansus</i> - - -	Fownhope, Trewerne Hills.
<i>B. Wenlockiensis</i> - - -	Dormington.
<i>Bumastes Barriensis</i> - - -	Scatterdine.
<i>Calymene duplicata</i> - - -	Builth.
<i>C. Blumenbachii</i> - - -	Dormington.
<i>Cardiola interrupta</i> - - -	"
<i>Catenipora escharoides</i> - - -	Fownhope.
<i>Chonetes lata</i> - - -	Dormington.
<i>Conocardium sequicostatum</i> - - -	Woolhope.
<i>Cornulites serpularius</i> - - -	Dormington.
<i>Crania craniolaris</i> - - -	Builth.
<i>C. divaricata</i> - - -	"
<i>Crotalocrinus rugosus</i> - - -	Dormington.
<i>Cyathophyllum turbinatum</i> - - -	Woolhope.
<i>Cypricardia amygdalina</i> - - -	Dormington.
<i>Cyrtia exporrecta</i> - - -	Woolhope.
<i>Discina Forbesii</i> - - -	"
<i>D. Morrisii</i> - - -	Dormington.
<i>D. rugata</i> - - -	"
<i>Eccoptochile Sedgwickii</i> - - -	Builth.
<i>Euomphalus discors</i> - - -	Woolhope.
<i>E. carinatus</i> - - -	Dormington.
<i>E. funatus</i> - - -	"
<i>E. rugosus</i> - - -	"
<i>E. sculptus</i> - - -	"
<i>Eurypterus Symondsii</i> - - -	Rowlstone.
<i>Favosites alveolaris</i> - - -	Woolhope.
<i>F. fibrosa</i> - - -	"
<i>F. Gothlandica</i> - - -	"
<i>F. spongites</i> - - -	"
<i>Fenestella</i> - - -	Dormington.
<i>Graptolithus latus</i> - - -	Builth.
<i>Halysites catenulatus</i> - - -	Dormington.

Name	Locality
<i>Heliolites interstinctus</i> - -	Dormington.
<i>H. tubulatus</i> - - -	"
<i>Homalonotus delphinocephalus</i>	Scatterdine.
<i>Leptæna transversalis</i> - -	Woolhope, Scatterdine.
<i>L. curta</i> - - - -	Wellfield.
<i>L. euglypha</i> - - - -	Fownhope.
<i>L. lata</i> - - - -	"
<i>Lingula lata</i> - - - -	Dormington.
<i>Loxonema sinuosa</i> - - -	"
<i>Modiola antiqua</i> - - -	"
<i>Murchisonia corallii</i>	"
<i>Natica parva</i> - - - -	Fownhope.
<i>Nucula ovalis</i> - - - -	Trewerne Hills.
<i>Obolus Davidsoni</i> - - -	Wellfield.
<i>Ogygia Buchii</i> - - - -	"
<i>O. Portlockii</i> - - - -	"
<i>Omphyma Murchisoni</i> - -	Dormington.
<i>O. turbinatum</i> - - - -	"
<i>Orthis antiquata</i> - - -	Woolhope.
<i>O. biloba</i> - - - -	Builth.
<i>O. calligramma</i> - - - -	" Dormington.
<i>O. canalis</i> - - - -	Woolhope.
<i>O. elegantula</i> - - - -	Dormington.
<i>O. lunata</i> - - - -	"
<i>O. orbicularis</i> - - - -	Cwm Nant Gwyn, Builth.
<i>O. radians</i> - - - -	Llandegley.
<i>O. rustica</i> - - - -	Woolhope.
<i>Orthoceras annulatum</i> - -	Dormington.
<i>O. bullatum</i> - - - -	"
<i>O. caniculatum</i> - - - -	Scatterdine.
<i>O. excentricum</i> - - - -	"
<i>O. filosum</i> - - - -	Dormington.
<i>O. ibex</i> - - - -	"
<i>Orthonota rotundata</i> - -	"
<i>O. semisulcata</i> - - - -	"
<i>Patella inornata</i> - - -	Scatterdine.
<i>Pentamerus galeatus</i> - -	Woolhope.
<i>P. Knightii</i> - - - -	"
<i>P. lævis</i> - - - -	Builth.
<i>P. linguifera</i> - - - -	Woolhope.
<i>P. linatus</i> - - - -	"
<i>P. sulcatus</i> - - - -	Aberedw.
<i>Periechocrinus moniliformis</i>	Dormington.
<i>Phacops caudatus</i> - - -	"
<i>P. longicaudatus</i> - - -	"
<i>Pleurotoma corallii</i> - -	Aberedw.
<i>Pleurotomaria balteata</i> -	Woolhope.
<i>Pleurorhyncus æquicostatus</i>	Dormington.

Name	Locality
<i>Phragmoceras compressum</i>	- Dormington.
<i>Parites</i> - - - -	- Woolhope.
<i>P. expatista</i> - - - -	- "
<i>P. tubula</i> - - - -	- Fownhope.
<i>Pterinea Sowerbyi</i> - - - -	- Dormington.
<i>Ptilodictya scalpellum</i> - - - -	- "
<i>Ptycæanthus</i> - - - -	- Hereford Cornstone.
<i>Ptycophyllum patellatum</i> - - - -	- Scatterdine.
<i>Retepora infundibulum</i> - - - -	- Dormington.
<i>Rhyneonella borealis</i> - - - -	- Woolhope.
<i>R. brevirostrum</i> - - - -	- "
<i>R. compressa</i> - - - -	- "
<i>R. crispata</i> - - - -	- "
<i>R. interplicata</i> - - - -	- "
<i>R. navicula</i> - - - -	- "
<i>R. nucula</i> - - - -	- "
<i>Rhyneonella Stricklandi</i> - - - -	- "
<i>R. Wilsoni</i> - - - -	- "
<i>Siphonotreta micula</i> - - - -	- Builth.
<i>Spirifer convolutus</i> - - - -	- Dormington.
<i>S. elevatus</i> - - - -	- Fownhope.
<i>S. interlineatus</i> - - - -	- Woolhope.
<i>S. plicatellus</i> - - - -	- "
<i>S. pecten</i> - - - -	- "
<i>S. imbrex</i> - - - -	- "
<i>S. ptychodes</i> - - - -	- Fownhope.
<i>S. trapezoides</i> - - - -	- "
<i>Stromatopora concentrica</i> - - - -	- Winslow Mill, Woolhope.
<i>S. striatella</i> - - - -	- Dormington.
<i>Strophomena depressa</i> - - - -	- "
<i>S. euglypha</i> - - - -	- "
<i>Syringopora cespitosa</i> - - - -	- Woolhope.
<i>Taxocrinus tuberculatus</i> - - - -	- Dormington.
<i>Tentaculites ornatus</i> - - - -	- Fownhope.
<i>T. scalaris</i> - - - -	- "
<i>Terebratula brevirostris</i> - - - -	- Woolhope.
<i>T. imbricata</i> - - - -	- "
<i>T. interplicata</i> - - - -	- "
<i>T. lacunosa</i> - - - -	- Trewerne Hills, Aberedw.
<i>T. navicula</i> - - - -	- Clyro Hills, "
<i>T. nucula</i> - - - -	- Trewerne Hills.
<i>Thecia Swindernana</i> - - - -	- Dormington.
<i>Trinuclæus Asaphoides</i> - - - -	- Builth.
<i>T. ambriatus</i> - - - -	- "
<i>T. nudus</i> - - - -	- Gwernyfad, Builth.
<i>Turbo carinatus</i> - - - -	- Gilwern Hills, Llandrindod.
<i>T. corallii</i> - - - -	- Trewerne Hills.
	- "

ANGLING NOTES.

ALTHOUGH, as a rule, the tourist is not a professed angler who takes up his quarters at a particular place, intending serious business, there are a great many who are glad to get the chance of a day's fishing, if they can do so without deranging their plans. A few notes are appended, for which the writer is indebted to the *Anglers' Diary*—although it must be remembered that the great difficulty on the Wye, as on the Usk and all good fishing rivers, is the universality and strictness of preserving, whether by riparian owners or associations.

The close time for salmon is from November 2 to February 1; and with a gaff, from September 2 to March 15; for trout, October 2 to February 1. Licenses for salmon below Llanwrthwl Bridge and all waters below Builth Bridge are £1, in all other places 10s.; and for trout 1s.

Hereford.—The Holm Lacy fishing is preserved by Mr. W. Stephens, Gwynne Street, Hereford, for 20m. Season-tickets for trout £1 10s., for salmon and trout £5; day-tickets for trout 3s., salmon and trout 5s.; weekly ticket for trout 7s., for salmon and trout 12s. Trout-fishing commences March 1, and ends September 30; salmon on February 2, ending November 2. No trout or grayling to be taken under 8 inches. The fisheries extend from Bullingham Brook to Cary Brook on the R. side of the river.

Monmouth.—Fishing can be had from the Beaufort Arms, both in Wye and Monnow. In the latter river it is free for 3m., when it is preserved to Pontrilas—season-tickets £5. Trothy, trout preserved.

Pandy.—The Upper Monnow for 8½m., and the Lower Monnow for 3m., is preserved by the Upper Monnow Fishing Club of fifteen members. The Honddu is likewise preserved for 1½m. by the landowners above the club water.

Pontrilas.—Monnow preserved by the owner of Kentchurch for 3m., when Lower Monnow Club takes it up to within 8m. of Monmouth.

Three Cocks.—The Wye is preserved, but the landlord can often get leave for his guests.

Hay.—Below Hay the fishing is private.

Aberedw.—The Wye preserved. The Edw has good trouting; permission freely given. Trout in the Bachwy.

Builth.—Fishing in Wye and Yrfon to be had from the *Lion*.

Llangammarch.—Yrfon, preserved by the local association.

Llanwrtyd Wells.—Fishing in the Yrfon for some miles from the Dolycoed Hotel.

Rhayadr.—A long stretch of trouting can be had (*Red Lion*), and 5m. of salmon-fishing in Wye.

The best flies for the Wye for trout are May-fly, Car-shalton cocktail, March brown, coch-y-bonddhu, and duns of various shades; orle, orange palmer, spider, and rough red palmer. The Wye salmon flies are chiefly made with bittern hackle wing, with a greenish yellow hackle from head to tail, and a pretty full body of orange floss silk, one golden pheasant topping over the bittern's wing: tail, sprigs of bright red parrot or ibis, mixed with a like amount of wood duck. The Welsh fly, made with brown turkey or bittern wing, is the best general fly that can be used. The Butcher, Priest, and Blue Doctor are now commonly used.

The Wye cannot be said to be a boating river, according to the usual acceptation of the term, notwithstanding that there are many capital reaches in every way suitable for aquatics. With the exception of the rapids at New Weir, there is nothing to prevent a boat or a canoe descending from Hereford to the sea, although above Ross the Wye is sometimes so low as to be impassable. The tourist will occasionally meet with the coracle, the indigenous boat of many of the Welsh rivers—a sort of broad oval-shaped canoe, covered with sail-cloth. To those who are to the manner born, the coracle is most convenient for fishing purposes, but the neophyte must make up his mind to more than one ducking before he finds his balance.

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Week-end Tickets are also issued from principal stations on the Great Northern and Midland Companies systems to Cromer (Beach), Sherringham, and Yarmouth (Beach) by any train, available from Friday or Saturday to Monday or Tuesday.

Fortnightly Return Tickets are issued all the year round at the following reduced fares from Victoria (L.C. & D.), Moorgate Street, King's Cross, and Finsbury Park Stations (G.N.R.) to Cromer (Beach), Sherringham, Yarmouth (Beach), and N. Walsham (Town), available for return journey by any train within fifteen days, including day of issue and return:—

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BY ORDER.

Traffic Manager's Office, King's Lynn, April, 1892.

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SALOON CARRIAGES twice daily, at 9.20 a.m. and 3 p.m., from Albert Quay Station (Cork) through to Bantry.

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CORK to KILLARNEY	22/-	21/-	16/-
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Do. and Return	18/-	16/6	12/-

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BIDEFORD.—Chiefly remarkable for having a first-rate Hotel.—*Punch*, Oct. 5th, 1889.

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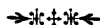
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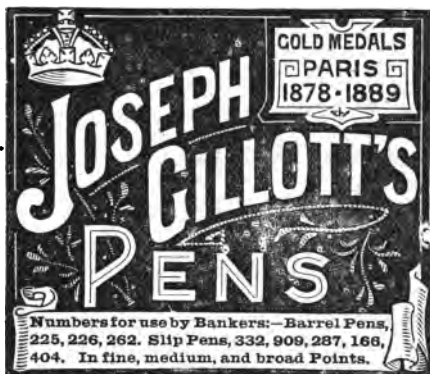
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